# William Lloyd Garrison

A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY BY GOLDWIN SMITH

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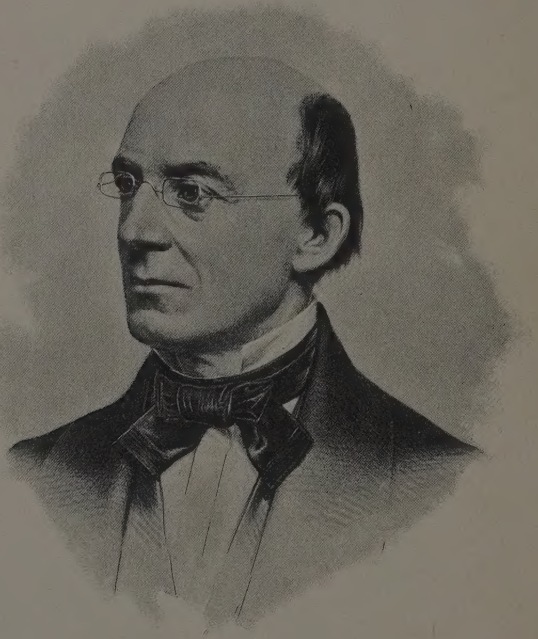

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

# THE MORAL CRUSADER

# WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

## A Biographical Essay

FOUNDED ON

*"THE STORY OF GARRISON'S LIFE TOLD BY HIS CHILDREN"*

BY

GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

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# THE MORAL CRUSADER, W. L. GARRISON.

## INTRODUCTION.

THERE is sometimes a crisis in the history of a nation when a man is urgently needed to prick the national conscience on a moral question. The man need not be supremely wise after the fashion of earthly wisdom, nor supremely strong after the fashion of earthly strength. But he must be himself an impersonation of conscience. He must be perfectly pure and disinterested, free not only from ambition and cupidity, but from vanity, from mere love of excitement, from self-seeking of every kind, as well as brave, energetic, persevering, and endowed with a voice which can make itself heard. Such a crisis was the ascendency of the Slave Power in the United States, and such a man was William Lloyd Garrison. His character is interesting in its weakness as in its strength, and the contemplation of it is cheering, as it shows what a fund of moral force a society sound at the core always possesses, dark as may be the apparent outlook, and how that force



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may be called forth, perhaps from the most unsuspected quarter, in the hour of need.

Garrison's life has been told by his children with a loving care and minuteness which make the four portly volumes through which it extends a model of biographical industry. In those volumes are comprised the archives of the moral as distinguished from the political movement against slavery. They claim a place in all libraries of American history, but to libraries their bulk confines them. It fell to the lot of the present writer to notice them in two numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the interest which he was led to feel in the subject, combined with the reminiscences awakened in his own mind by their narrative, induced him to compile this little volume. More than a compilation the volume can hardly pretend to be, since for its material it is almost entirely beholden to the larger work, so far as the facts are concerned. The opinions, of course, are the author's own and formed from his own point of view, which is that of an Anglo-Canadian who sympathized with the American friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. The authors of the larger work have so far extended their confidence to the present writer as to sanction his use of the materials collected by them: they are in no way responsible for his opinions. In forming his estimate of the character with which he had to deal he has had the ad-

vantage, on one side, of the memoir on "Garrison and His Times," written by Mr. Oliver Johnson, one of the foremost, ablest, and stanchest of Garrison's comrades in the great contest, and, on the other, of the "Life of James G. Birney," written by Mr. William Birney, also a most competent exponent of his own side of the case. He has, of course, availed himself of the general authorities for the history of the time.

To the military heroism of the struggle against the Slave Power, literary monuments, as well as monuments of marble, numerous and splendid, are being raised. Let the moral heroism also have its due. The interest of its history, if less thrilling, is not less deep.

In dealing with the story of Garrison's life,* an Anglo-Canadian writer is not encroaching on American ground. Garrison was recognized as a fellow-laborer with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton. He belongs not only to the United States, but to England, as the great emancipating nation, and to Canada, as the asylum of the slave.

* William Lloyd Garrison [1805–1879]: The Story of His Life Told by His Children. Vols. I.–IV., 8vo. New York: The *Century* Co., 1885–89.

# I.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born on the 10th of December, 1805, in the thriving mercantile town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. His father, Abijah Garrison, and his mother, Fanny, whose maiden name was Lloyd, had migrated to New England, as many then did and many have done since, from the British colony of New Brunswick. Strange and sad to say, three years afterward Abijah Garrison, who was a seafaring man, forever deserted his wife and children. He returned to New Brunswick and is believed to have wandered on before his death to Canada. He is said to have loved his wife and children, and his reason for deserting them is a mystery. But it is supposed to have been in some way connected with drink, the bane of society and of seafaring men above all others in those days. Mrs. Garrison, who was an excellent woman, cheerfully took up as a mother her lonely burden and went out as a monthly nurse. She was not without humble friends who were good to her in the evil days. Lloyd learned to read and write at the primary school and was afterward for three months at

a grammar school, but this he was obliged to leave that he might earn his bread by helping his mother's friend, Deacon Bartlett, to saw wood, sharpen saws, and peddle apples. This work he did not like, and he ran away from the deacon's service, but was brought back with the young companion of his escapade by the driver of the mail-coach. We are told that he was a thorough boy in fondness for games and sports, trundled his hoop barefooted all over Newburyport, swam the Merrimac in summer and skated on it in winter, was good at sculling a boat, was expert at marbles, played at bat and ball and snowball, and sometimes led the South-end boys in their battles with the North-enders. He swam three-quarters of a mile across the river and swam back again against the tide, and in winter once nearly lost his life by breaking through the ice. He caught a seaport boy's fancy for going to sea, but the infection took little hold, and he was afterward thoroughly cured of it by sea-sickness. Like his mother, he was fond of music, had a rich voice, and joined the choir of the Baptist church. There was no sign of anything eccentric about him as a boy, unless it were his restlessness in the service of Deacon Bartlett. His fondness for pet animals showed a tender disposition. It is evident from his correspondence with his mother that he was a loving and dutiful son. In after-years he said that he felt like

a little boy when he thought of his mother, and always spoke of her memory with passionate affection.

The mother's health and strength were beginning to fail. It was necessary that Lloyd should earn his bread, and he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He was only nine years old, and so small that he seemed hardly bigger than a last. The work was too heavy for him, and he always remembered with horror the heavy lapstone and his fingers sore with sewing, though he also remembered the goodness of his Quaker master, Oliver, and his wife.

In 1815 Mr. Paul Newhall, a shoe manufacturer of Lynn, removing with his staff of workmen to Baltimore, took Mrs. Garrison and her two boys with him. At Baltimore James, the elder boy, was apprenticed at shoemaking, while Lloyd ran errands. Mr. Newhall's factory failed, and Mrs. Garrison had to take to monthly nursing again. She was not only religious, but a missionary, evangelized the workmen and set up a prayer-meeting for women. She had need of such support as religion could give her, for, besides the failure of her health, troubles came upon her. Her eldest boy, James, ran away to sea, where his career was wretched and degraded. Its close forms a tragic but honorable episode in Lloyd Garrison's life. Lloyd, his mother says, is a fine boy, a church-goer, and likely to be a com-

plete Baptist. But he was unhappy at Baltimore and yearned for Newburyport. To Newburyport his mother sent him for a year, hoping at the end of that time to find a place for him again at Baltimore. In this she failed, and she had to resign herself to his prolonged absence from her side, which she did in a pious and touching letter.

Lloyd was apprenticed to Moses Short, a cabinet-maker at Haverhill, Massachusetts, who treated him with kindness, and whose trade he did not dislike. But he still yearned for Newburyport, and ran away from his master. The master, however, being good-natured, and seeing his homesickness, freely let him go back to Newburyport and Deacon Bartlett. Repeated efforts were made to find a place for him, but in vain, till Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, proprietor of the Newburyport *Herald*, wanting a boy to learn the printer's trade, took him as an apprentice. This was in 1818, when he was thirteen years old. His foot was now on the lowest step of the right ladder. He took to the work at once, became very skilful in handling type, and felt pleasure in it through life. Mr. Allen's house was near Deacon Bartlett's, and the boy was happy in his new home. Mr. Allen, writing to Mrs. Garrison, says he never had a better boy. This she repeats in a letter to Lloyd declining some Balsam of Quito, probably a quack medicine, which he had offered to

send her, and saying that she wishes for nothing more than the Balm of Gilead, which heals souls. Mrs. Garrison's life was near its close. Her letters henceforth chronicle the inroads of her malady. That she was leaving her children alone and unprovided for, was to her the sting of death. "Thank God," she wrote to Lloyd, "I am well taken care of, for both black and white are all attention to me, and I have everything done that is necessary. The ladies are all kind to me, and I have a colored woman that waits on me, that is so kind no one can tell how kind she is, and although a slave to man, yet a free-born soul, by the grace of God. Her name is Henny, and should I never see you again, and you should ever come where she is, remember her for your poor mother's sake." She contrasts the bright morning of her life with its sad close, and turns from the deceptive dreams of earthly happiness to what she deems the happy realities of religion. She was too poor to send Lloyd as many letters as he would have wished, the postage being twenty-five cents. But she managed in her intervals of convalescence to get together for him a trunkful of clothes, which she sent him as the last token of her love. Before her death, in 1823, he went to Baltimore and saw her once more.

Lloyd was getting on well with his trade, and became so expert that he was made foreman of the

office. As a compositor, his rapidity and accuracy were first-rate. Among the journeymen in his office was Tobias Miller, afterward a clergyman and city missionary, lovable in character, sensible and racy in speech, from working by whose side he believed himself to have gained much. Not that Tobias Miller's wisdom seems to have been recondite. "Patience and perseverance!" "'Tisn't as bad as it would be if it were worse!" "Never mind! 'Twill be all the same a thousand years hence"— were the utterances of his philosophy when a desperate proof came for correction at midnight or a form was "pied." Garrison, however, found comfort in them amid the trials of his after-years. Probably it was the image of Mr. Miller's placid resignation, enhanced by the sensitiveness of his temperament, rather than his maxims, that consoled.

A young printer was pretty sure to take to writing if he had any gifts and tendencies that way. Garrison had a strong taste for poetry and romance, while for poetry he seems to have had himself no mean gift had his stormy life permitted the regular cultivation of it. His favorite poets were Byron, Moore, Pope, Campbell, and Scott, and the immaturity of his taste might excuse him if he loved Mrs. Hemans above them all. He took a healthy delight in the Waverley Novels. An American in a vortex

of party politics could not fail to be a politician. Garrison in his teens was an ardent Federalist and wielded his chivalrous pen in defence of the heroes of that party when fortune had left it stranded. But his first literary essay was a communication to the *Herald*, signed "An Old Bachelor," on a verdict in a breach of promise case which had excited his indignation. The paper would not be received with applause by a Woman's Rights Association, nor would it have chimed in happily with Garrison's own writings and speeches in after-days when he was pleading for the admission of women to the platform of the Anti-Slavery Association. "Women," he said, "in this country are too much idolized and flattered; therefore they are puffed up and inflated with pride and self-conceit. They make the men crawl, beseech, and supplicate, wait upon and do every manual service for them to gain their favor and approbation: they (the men) are, in fact, completely subservient to every whim and caprice of these changeable mortals." "Women generally feel their importance," he continued, "and they use it without mercy." This communication was accepted, and so were others, including an account of a shipwreck—fabricated, we are told, by the fancy of one glaringly ignorant of the sea. The editor paid his gifted correspondent the compliment of desiring an interview, but Garrison kept his secret

from all but his mother, who received the confidence with mingled pride and misgiving. In a subsequent letter she warns him of the garret, which is the common lot of authors, and thinks that he would have been better employed if, instead of writing political pieces, he had been searching the Scriptures for the truth.

Garrison wrote two articles on South American affairs, in which, touching on the outrages committed by the young republics on vessels belonging to the United States after the sympathy shown their cause by that power, the future apostle of moral force and denouncer of all war recommends finishing the controversy with cannon, while the destined leader of the crusade against slavery glorifies without reserve American freedom, and shares the columns of the *Herald* with Caleb Cushing, who maintained that slave-owning was not at variance with republicanism because the sight of men deprived of freedom made others prize it more. On the other hand, he had discernment enough to depreciate the election of Jackson. Like an orthodox republican, he denounced the Holy Alliance and declaimed upon the wrongs of Poland. He also duly caught the Greek fever, and thought of going to fight for Greece. His writing was mature and, for the purposes of a journalist, good. At twenty he seemed cut out for success as an editor. He was

good-looking and well dressed. His portrait presents him with a smooth face, abundance of black hair, and a ruffled shirt. He was a favorite with the ladies. He was healthy, social, mercurial, ambitious, filled with hope by the acceptance of his writing. Nobody would have seen on his head a social crown of thorns. He had an excellent constitution, and was able to say toward the close of life that, though he had lived on all kinds of food, he had never known that he had a stomach; so that the reformer in his case was not the dyspeptic. To add to his chances of success in a respectable career he was, as his mother had foretold, a "complete Baptist," a strict church-goer, a stanch supporter of the clergy, and an uncritical believer in the Bible.

The twenty-first year of his age (1826) in fact saw him editor and proprietor of a paper. The *Herald* passed under a changed name from the hands of Mr. Allen into those of Isaac Knapp, and from his into those of Garrison, who rechristened it the *Free Press*, Mr. Allen showing his confidence in his apprentice by advancing money. The motto of the *Free Press*, "Our Country, Our Whole Country, and Nothing but Our Country," gives little indication of a future career of disloyalty to the Union and loyalty to Humanity. The journal also copied without comment the words of the ineffable Edward Everett, once a Massachusetts

clergyman, who had not only quoted the New Testament in support of slavery, but declared that there was no cause in which he would sooner buckle a knapsack on his back and put a musket to his shoulder than the suppression of a slave insurrection at the South. The *Free Press* did indeed speak of slavery as a curse, and a theme to dwell upon till the country was rid of it; but this was a passing remark, and there was nothing to show that the editor's thoughts were turned in that particular direction. The *Free Press* had the good luck to bring out as a poet Whittier, then a Quaker lad working as a shoemaker with hammer and lapstone at East Haverhill. Little did the editor dream that he was opening the gate of fame to the poetic champion of what was to be his own great cause. The paper seems to have done fairly well, but it lost party subscribers by taking an independent line, and Garrison, probably seeing that no more was likely to be made of it, sold it to Mr. John H. Harris, who at once put it on the opposite tack.

Descending again from the dignity of editorship to the level of the journeyman printer, Garrison went to Boston in quest of employment. He was some time in finding it. Meanwhile he gratified his taste for politics by attending a caucus, and proposing a candidate in opposition to the nomination of the leaders. He broke down in his speech

and was obliged to have recourse to the manuscript in his hat. There ensued a newspaper tournament, in which, being rebuked for his presumption, he defended himself with force and sprightliness against a sneer at his youth.

"I leave it," he said, "to metaphysicians to determine the precise moment when wisdom and experience leap into existence—when for the first time the mind distinguishes truth from error, selfishness from patriotism, and passion from reason. It is sufficient for me that I am understood." In the end he formed a connection with Mr. Collier, a Baptist city missionary, the founder of the first temperance journal. Of that journal, of which the name was the *National Philanthropist*, and the proclaimed object "the suppression of intemperance and its kindred vices," Garrison was made editor. In those days drinking was terribly rife, and after the part it had played in Garrison's family misfortunes, his heart in fighting against it would be with his pen. Other reforms, such as the better keeping of the Sabbath, were combined with temperance. The *Philanthropist*, if we may believe its editor, was successful in improving public sentiment and giving birth to reforming effort, but it was never self-supporting. It was not likely that a paper avowedly set up to plead a particular cause, would interest the world in general enough to make it a

commercial success. Indeed, even for the advocacy of a particular cause, it is better first to build your pulpit, and then to preach from it. When a journal has obtained a hold, by its general merits, on a large circle of readers, it may press its views on any special question with effect. In the second number of his paper Garrison had commented on the bill passed by the House of Assembly of South Carolina, to forbid the teaching of blacks to read and write. "There is," he said, "something unspeakably pitiable and alarming in the state of that society where it is deemed necessary for self-preservation to seal up the mind and the intellect of man to brutal incapacity. We shall not now consider the policy of this resolve, but it illustrates the terrors of slavery in a manner as eloquent and affecting as imagination can conceive. . . . Truly the alternatives of oppression are terrible. But this state of things cannot always last, nor ignorance alone shield us from destruction." These words, written in 1828, ring up the curtain of a new scene in the drama of Garrison's life. They heralded the arrival of Benjamin Lundy at Boston. There was a happy conjunction of two bright though small stars in the firmament of humanity.

## II.

GARRISON had his precursors. Elihu Embree, the Quaker publisher of the first journal devoted to the abolition of slavery, was one of them. But the chief was Benjamin Lundy, also a Quaker, and a true and admirable though most humble servant of humanity. Lundy having lived at Wheeling, Virginia, had seen the coffles of negroes in chains go by on their way to the South. He was a saddler, prosperous in his trade, and made what for him was wealth, but gave it all up to his cause. He fought with the pen in different journals against the attempt to force Missouri into the Union as a Slave State. Then he set up at Mount Pleasant, in Ohio, a journal of his own called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. It was brought out without a dollar of capital and with only six subscribers, and for a time he walked a distance of twenty miles each month to Steubenville to get the journal printed, and returned with the edition on his back. He afterward moved with his journal to Tennessee, and at last to Baltimore, whither he trudged with his knapsack on his back, passing through south-

western Virginia and North Carolina, and sowing the seeds of his doctrine by lecturing as he went. He would seem to have been able to carry gunpowder in a furnace; but he was very gentle; his doctrine was gradual emancipation, and his policy was colonization, which was accepted at the South. In the interest of that policy he visited Hayti. He was feeble in frame, somewhat deaf, and a bad lecturer, having a weak voice, so that his efforts must have been painful, and his motive cannot have been the love of platform excitement or of self-display. At Baltimore he continued to publish the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, going about to lecture and form associations at the same time. Baltimore was a port of the domestic slave trade, with a turbulent and violent mob. Lundy's mildness did not save him from a brutal assault by a slave-trading ruffian. It was after this that he came to Boston, made the acquaintance of Garrison, and, by pleading the cause to him, fired a heart which was ready enough to catch the flame. It appears that Garrison's heart was fired all the more easily from seeing the coldness of the clergymen to whom Lundy appealed in vain, for he cries out upon "the moral cowardice, the chilling apathy, the criminal unbelief, the cruel scepticism, that were revealed on that memorable occasion." Everybody in the room was against slavery, but, then, the formation of a soci-

ety at Boston would enrage and alarm the South. "Perhaps a select committee might be formed under an inoffensive name." Lundy, however, was encouraged enough to revisit Boston, where (August 7, 1828) he held a meeting in the vestry of a Baptist church, at which he discredited deportation as a remedy, pointing out that the increase in the number of blacks at the South in a year was greater than the Colonization Society could handle in half a century. The meeting was brought to an abrupt termination by the pastor of the church, who rose and personally denounced the agitation against slavery as offensive to the South and dangerous, affirming that the States were gradually getting rid of slavery by selling their slaves to those further south. A committee of twenty, however, was formed, and Garrison was one.

In the great Presidential campaign of 1828 Garrison, having made his mark as a writer, was invited by a committee of prominent citizens at Bennington, Vermont, to come and edit a new paper there in advocacy of the re-election of John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson. The *Journal of the Times* was the name of the paper. Its motto was Garrison's favorite quotation from Cicero, "Reason shall prevail with us more than Popular Opinion." Though set up for a political campaign, the *Journal of the Times* declared itself

independent of party. Independent of everything but public morality and constitutional government it might be in opposing the dictatorship of Jackson. But it further declared that its editor had three objects in view, which he would pursue through life—the suppression of intemperance and its associate vices, the gradual emancipation of every slave in the Republic, and a perpetuity of national peace. It will be noted that gradual emancipation was still the mark and limit of his aims. He also avowed himself a friend, even the enthusiast, of what he styled the American system of fostering the growth of native industry by a protective tariff. The creation of national centres of industry seemed to him to be proved by daily experience to be the best mode of promoting the welfare of the people, and the great secret of national aggrandizement. It may safely be said that he had not studied the question deeply in any of its aspects. If he had, he might have doubted whether by breaking up the commercial union of nations he would be hastening the advent of the kingdom of peace, which was one of his three aspirations, and even whether the shackling of industry which the protective system entails was consistent with universal emancipation. We shall see a notable change in his sentiments on this subject hereafter.

From its first number the *Journal of the Times*

showed the effect of its editor's intercourse with Lundy by the clearness and vehemence of its utterances on the subject of slavery, though what Garrison's biographers call the scales of Colonization had not yet fallen from the editor's eyes. "For ourselves," it said, "we are resolved to agitate this subject to the utmost; nothing but death shall prevent us from denouncing a crime which has no parallel in human depravity; we shall take high ground." With literal truth it could aver that the manacled slave was driven to market past the door of the Capitol, in which sat the representatives of that morning star of freedom, the American Republic. Over slavery in the District of Columbia Congress had power; this was accordingly the point in the enemy's lines most open to attack. Garrison had the honor of transmitting to Congress a petition got up by himself and signed by 2,352 citizens of Vermont, in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District. The petition was referred to a committee, the report of which embodied the politicians' view of the subject. Agitation, the committee held, would tend to create insubordination and restlessness among the slaves, "who would otherwise be comparatively happy and contented." Emancipation in the District would spread disturbance through the Slave States. It would deprive the inhabitants of property which they had enjoyed under the laws

of Virginia and Maryland. As to the traffic, it was doing good by gradually carrying the negroes further South, "and although violence might sometimes be done to their feelings in the separation of families, yet it should be some consolation to those whose feelings were interested in their behalf to know that their condition was more frequently bettered and their minds made happier by the exchange!" Garrison branded the report as "the worst apology for the most relentless tyranny." It was a pity that George III. and Grenville, still more, that Burke, had not lived to read it. One month later, Andrew Jackson, entering Washington by storm, with violence and the spoils system in his train, put Congress, liberty, and everything that could tend to emancipation under his feet. Slave-hunting on Northern soil under the Fugitive Slave Law went on merrily. When the country was convulsed by the anti-Masonic excitement consequent on the disappearance of Morgan, Garrison drew a telling contrast between the commotion caused by the abduction of one man and the total absence of any feeling for the two millions who were groaning out their lives in bondage. He was happy at Bennington, felt his powers, liked the Vermonters, and found their climate the best in the world.

At Bennington, however, he did not long remain.

Lundy, who had been watching his course, seeing that he had now thoroughly given himself to the cause, resolved to invite him to Baltimore, and walked from Baltimore to Bennington for the purpose. He proposed that the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* should be changed from a monthly to a weekly paper, and that the younger partner should edit it, while the elder travelled to get subscriptions. Garrison accepted the invitation and published his valedictory as editor of the *Journal of the Times*, announcing his devotion of himself to the anti-slavery cause, and proclaiming once more that "Reason had prevailed with him more than Popular Opinion." The rival editor exulted in his departure, and published a letter describing him as an egotistical dandy, with a pair of silver-mounted spectacles riding elegantly across his nose and displaying "the pert loquacity of a blue-jay." Such did he look when seen from a hostile point of view. The enemy, however, was constrained to admit Garrison's talents, integrity, and patriotism.

After leaving Bennington (1829) Garrison stayed a while at Boston waiting for the return of Lundy, who had gone with twelve emancipated slaves to Hayti, where surely he can have seen little to cheer him. Meantime Garrison was invited to address the Congregational Societies of Boston on the Fourth of July. It seems that Boston conservatism was

already on the alert, for Garrison was subjected to the annoyance of being sued for $4 fine by the clerk of a militia company for failure of appearance at muster, and was obliged to betray the barrenness of moral journalism as a trade by borrowing the petty sum of a friend. The theme of his address, "Dangers to the Nation," was likely to awaken the suspicions of the enemy. He said that his knees knocked together at the thought of speaking before such a concourse. But he had made up his mind that the address should be severe and sombre. Severe and sombre it was. In opposition to the vulgar Fourth of July patriotism, "covering only its native territory, blustering only for its own rights, spurning moral restraint, and tyrannizing where it could with impunity," he took his stand on the patriotism which is larger than a continent. Of slavery and of the duty of getting rid of it he spoke in the boldest strain. It ought, he said, to make the Fourth of July a day not of boisterous merriment and idle pageantry, but of fasting and prayer; not of joy, but of lamentation. It ought to spike every cannon, to haul down every banner, to clothe the people in sackcloth, to bow down their heads in the dust.

Pitiful was the list of grievances which the Declaration of Independence, read on that day, set forth against British tyranny, compared with the grievances of the American slave. The orator was

sick, he said, of unmeaning declamation in praise of liberty and equality, of hypocritical cant about the inalienable rights of man. He could never stand before an assembly of Europeans denouncing kingly government and boasting of his American citizenship, for, if he did, the recollection of his country's barbarity would blister his lips and make his cheeks burn with shame. To freeze the blood of the audience by depicting the cruelties of slavery was needless; the one thing needful was to point out the path of duty. There were four things, the orator averred, which could not be gainsaid: the claim of the slaves to sympathy and redress; the responsibility of the Free States for the existence of slavery under the national compact, and their consequent right of remonstrance and abatement; that no justification of slavery could be found in the condition of its victims; that the blacks were capable of being raised by freedom and education to the level of the whites. To expect to succeed without collision or without a struggle with the worst passions was hopeless; but the orator was sanguine enough to believe that these could be easily conquered by meekness, perseverance, and prayer. Toward the close, however, the address somewhat halts, as its author would himself have said at an after-day. It admits the danger of liberating all at once the present race of blacks. This, it says, is out of the question;

the fabric must be reduced brick by brick till it is brought so low that it may be overturned without burying the nation in its ruins. Then the orator rises again to an apocalyptic pitch of denunciation, predicting, as the penalty of persistence in national sin, horrors worse than those of St. Domingo.

The Boston *American Traveller* had a notice of the discourse, describing the orator as quite a youth in appearance, dressed in black, with a bare neck, and a broad linen collar spread out over that of his coat. His utterance at first was feeble, but he became impressive as he went on. He was, of course, accused of slandering his country and blaspheming the Declaration of Independence.

Garrison's Fourth of July address set his own mind actively at work, and after a few weeks of reflection he decisively arrived at the momentous conclusion which shaped his whole subsequent course, that immediate emancipation, instead of being a dream, was the only solid ground upon which the moral and religious reformer could take his stand. If slavery was not merely a social, political, and economical error, but a wrong and a sin, persistence in holding a man as property even for a day must be wrongful and sinful. If the slave had a right to his freedom, he had a right to it that very hour. Emancipation immediate and unconditional was henceforth the lodestar of Garri-

son's life. Wendell Phillips is rapt with admiration of this boy, who saw what sages did not see, that morality alone would compel submission, and that the right policy was the absolute and unqualified avowal of the uttermost truth. It is needless to say that the unqualified avowal of the absolute and the uttermost was the thing congenial to Wendell Phillips' own soul. Certain it is that while others made up issues of different kinds, constitutional, social, and economical, the moral issue was made up by Calhoun, who maintained that slavery was entirely right, and Garrison, who maintained that it was utterly and intolerably wrong.

## III.

THE doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation had been already embraced by Garrison when, Lundy having returned from Hayti, the two men met at Baltimore to settle their partnership in the *Genius of Universal Emancipation.* But Lundy, always mild, was not prepared to embrace it. How, then, was their partnership to be arranged? Lundy proposed that each put his initials to his own articles, and that neither should be responsible for what the other said. This proposal was accepted, and the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* had two voices. But one of the two was far the stronger. Lundy, in his salutatory, merely explained the arrangements. Garrison, in his, proclaimed his sole reliance on the eternal principles of justice for the solution of the slavery question, and declared that they pointed to immediate and complete emancipation. This bugle note, sounded loud and clear from the first, could not fail to set the echoes flying in a centre of the traffic like Baltimore, where slave auctions and the shipment of slaves were constantly going on; and every week

the *Genius* had a column of slavery cruelties and horrors, to which Baltimore itself contributed its quota. In the first month of their partnership, the two reformers received a visit one Sunday from a slave who had just been whipped with a cowhide, and on whose bleeding back they counted twenty-seven terrible gashes, while his head was much bruised. His only fault was that he had not loaded a wagon to suit the overseer. He was at the time on the point of receiving his freedom. Expostulation was met with contempt and abuse. A few days later, Garrison heard in a house which he passed the sound of the whip and cries of anguish, and this, he notes, was nothing uncommon.

His first encounter was with the brutal slave-trader who had assaulted Lundy. The man's advertisements were refused on account of his notorious cruelty, even by journals which published advertisements of other slave auctions. Garrison exposed him in a scathing article. The man ascribed the article to Lundy and threatened vengeance. Garrison at once avowed the authorship, and challenged the formidable ruffian to meet him at his boarding-house and discuss the question. Here was no want of courage. The taunt afterward freely flung on Garrison and his comrades, of keeping in the safe North and fearing to present their doctrines in the stronghold of slavery, was practically refuted

in advance. Garrison's second and more serious encounter was with Mr. Todd, a merchant of Newburyport, Garrison's own town, who had allowed his ship to be freighted with slaves at Baltimore. The transportation of slaves from one State to another was going on at the rate of fifty thousand a year. The foreign slave-trade was now piracy; why was the domestic slave-trade to be held blameless? Todd's crime was doubled by his Puritan respectability. He was denounced in a flaming editorial. Thereupon he brought an action for libel. On the trial it appeared that the defendant had gone, as writers of flaming editorials are apt to go, somewhat beyond the strict facts. He failed to prove what he had insinuated—that Todd was in the habit of carrying slaves, and owed a success over his rivals in trade, which otherwise was mysterious, to that unholy source. He failed to prove that the slaves were chained, though nothing was more likely than that they would be chained as the coffles sent by land usually were, while the advocate who could speak of them as "passengers" must have had a front of brass. On the other hand, the main facts could not be denied. The ship had been freighted with slaves, more, even, in number than Garrison had alleged, and this had been done with Todd's knowledge and approval. Garrison was defended with spirit. But at Baltimore justice in slavery

cases was not blind. Garrison was found guilty of libel, and was condemned to pay a fine of fifty dollars, together with fifty dollars costs, or go to jail. Not being able to pay the fine, to jail he went, and was saluted on his entrance with the customary jeers of the jail-birds. Stone walls, however, did not make a prison. The jailer was kind, and the captive was allowed to receive the visits of Lundy and of Isaac Knapp, his old comrade of the printing-office, who had come to Baltimore to work on the *Genius*. He had the free range of the prison, was permitted to talk to all its inmates about their cases, and found it a good place for sketching "the lights and shadows of human nature." There were in the jail runaway slaves, whom it was the custom to sell South, and slave-traders came to buy them. With one of the traders, who seems to have been a mild specimen of his class, Garrison opened a discussion by asking him rather brusquely what right he had to his slave. "My father left him to me," was the innocent reply. "Suppose, sir, your father had broken into a bank and left you the fruits of his robbery?" The trader fell back on the curse of Ham. Garrison replied that granting—what remained to be proved—that the Africans were the descendants of Ham, Noah's curse was a prediction of future servitude, not an injunction to oppress. With perhaps more force he added, "Pray, sir, is

it a careful desire to fulfil the Scriptures or to make money that induces you to hold your fellow-men in bondage?" The trader asked him how he would like to see a black man President of the United States. He replied adroitly, but honestly, that he was a loyal Republican, and should bow to the decision of the people. The last thrust was, "How should you like to have a black man marry your daughter?" This was parried with, "I am not married, I have no daughter;" and the thrust was returned with, "Sir, I am not familiar with your practices; but allow me to say that slave-holders generally should be the last persons to affect fastidiousness on that point, for they seem to be enamoured with amalgamation."

Part of his enforced leisure the prisoner employed in writing verses, some of which are such as to confirm our belief that, had he taken that line, he would have won at least a fair measure of reputation as a poet.

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

Prisoner! within these gloomy walls close pent—
  Guiltless of horrid crime or venial wrong—
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
  And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
  Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
  Or would'st not bear the implements of war·—

What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
And glory 'midst intensest sufferings!
Though beat—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

Allen of the *Herald*, Whittier, and other friends were troubled about their friend's imprisonment, more perhaps than he was himself. To their letters of sympathy he responded by contrasting his own brief and comparatively mild captivity with the cruel and lifelong captivity of the slaves; and he asked, if the oppression of a single man excited so much emotion, how much greater ought to be the emotion excited by the far worse oppression of two millions? At last Whittier wrote to Henry Clay, whom Garrison, not having yet lost faith and interest in politicians, had warmly supported for the Presidency. Clay was minded to pay the fine; but he was forestalled by Arthur Tappan, a wealthy and philanthrophic merchant of New York, who here comes on the scene as a leading friend and generous provider of the sinews of war to the anti-slavery cause. Tappan sent a hundred dollars, and Garrison, after a captivity of forty-nine days, was set free. His spirit had not for a moment quailed under imprisonment. He had been not only uncomplaining, but jocund; nor had he betrayed the vanity which a youthful crusader would be likely

to betray by boasting of his martyrdom. In him, beneath a gentle and rather feminine exterior, was a strong man. It is needless to say that his wrath turned more fiercely than ever against slave-owners: they were henceforth in his eyes kidnappers and man-stealers, whom it was the duty of every Christian church to expel from its communion. He was still a devout Christian and churchman, and to the action of the Christian churches, above all things, he still looked for countenance and support in the championship of a great moral cause.

During Garrison's imprisonment his partner had been compelled to reduce their journal, which never had subscriptions enough to float it, from a weekly to a monthly, and the partnership came to an end. Garrison went back to his own State, and in 1830 began lecturing for the cause. But he soon had a chilling experience in the quarter where he might have expected the warmest sympathy. Churches, both at Newburyport and Boston, were closed against him: if the pastor was willing to open the door, the trustees, mindful of financial interests, were not. At Boston it was left for a society of avowed infidels to give the Christian lecturer the use of a hall for a cause in which they had no particular interest beyond their loyalty to freedom of opinion, and in support of which he appealed to the Gospel which they rejected. The head of orthodox

religion at Boston, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was present at the lecture, but gave no sign. Afterward he excused himself on the ground that he had too many irons in the fire, telling Garrison at the same time if he would give up his fanatical notions and be guided by the clergy, they would make him the Wilberforce of America. But there were also present Samuel J. May, a young Unitarian minister from Connecticut, his cousin, Samuel E. Sewall, a Boston lawyer, and his brother-in-law, A. Bronson Alcott. Mr. May has recorded his impressions. "Never before," he says, "was I so affected by the speech of man. When he had ceased speaking I said to those around me: 'That is a providential man; he is a prophet; he will shake our nation to the centre, but he will shake slavery out of it. We ought to know him, we ought to help him. Come, let us go and give him our hands!'" They gave the lecturer their hands; Mr. Alcott invited him to his home, and there they all sat late into the night listening to him as he proved that immediate, unconditional emancipation, without expatriation, was the right of every slave and could not be withheld by his master an hour without sin. "That night," says Mr. May, "my soul was baptized in his spirit, and ever since I have been a disciple and fellow-laborer of William Lloyd Garrison." Sewall also became a zealous disciple and very helpful.

Garrison had made up his mind to set up another anti-slavery journal. His old friend and comrade, Isaac Knapp, was ready to join him in the venture. The question was whether the place of publication should be Washington or Boston. Washington was the centre of government, but Boston was the centre of opinion, and assuredly it was not less in need of having the Gospel preached to it than any district in which slavery reigned. The revolution of sentiment to be effected was greater, as Garrison said, in the Free States, and particularly in New England, than in the South. He found in New England "contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among slave-owners themselves." Frozen apathy, at all events, could not be the condition of the people at the South; and if perchance any of them had hearts to be touched, they had that before their eyes and in their ears which would touch their hearts, while from the eye and ear of the North the bleeding back of the slave and his cry of agony were far away. Washington had held out no encouragement. Moreover, Lundy had already taken the *Genius* there, and a second anti-slavery sheet was not required. So it was at Boston, "within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty," that the flag of Emancipation was raised. On that spot, every Fourth of July,

most loudly resounded the thunders of patriotic declamation against the memory of the British oppressor, whose tyranny had been felt by the colonists, not in whips and chains, but in a small duty on tea. On that spot still great meetings were held, and torrents of generous eloquence were poured forth, in the cause of the trampled Pole and the insurgent Greek. Nor was this the mere Pharisaism of liberty; it was all perfectly genuine in its way. Our powers of self-deception are unbounded.

## IV.

On Saturday, January 1, 1831, the first number of the *Liberator* appeared. It was a weekly journal bearing the names of William Lloyd Garrison and Isaac Knapp as publishers. Its motto was, "Our Country is the World, Our Countrymen are Mankind," a direct challenge to those whose motto was the Jingo cry of those days, "Our Country, right or wrong!" It was a modest folio, with a page of four columns, measuring fourteen inches by nine and a quarter. Garrison, as we have said, was very skilful as a printer, and his journal, in neatness and accuracy, did justice to his skill. The paper had not a dollar of capital. It was printed at first with borrowed type. Garrison and Knapp did all the work of every kind between them, Garrison of course doing the editorials. That he wrote them can hardly be said: his habit was often to set up without manuscript. The office was at Merchants' Hall, burned down in the great fire of 1872, in the third story, under the eaves. Oliver Johnson, who was often there, has vividly described the dingy walls; the small windows bespattered with print-

er's ink; the press standing in one corner; the composing-stands opposite; the long editorial and mailing table covered with newspapers; the bed of the editor and publisher on the floor. The publishers announced in their first issue their determination to go on as long as they had bread and water to live on. In fact, they lived on bread and milk, with a little fruit and a few cakes, which they bought in small shops below. Garrison apologizes for the meagreness of the editorials, which, he says, he has but six hours, and those at midnight, to compose, all the rest of his time and the whole of that of his companion being taken up by the mechanical work. He hoped soon to have a negro apprentice to help them. Let it be remembered that Garrison had in him, as a printer and a writer, the means of earning a sure and comfortable livelihood, and, as a writer, in a way gratifying to the ambition which his detractors paint as his ruling motive. Supposing even that his whole subsequent career was a series of errors, honor and gratitude would surely be due to him who, at twenty-six, with few friends and no resources but those of his own heart and brain, could thus sincerely devote himself to a life's battle with a gigantic power of evil. That his devotion was sincere, his perseverance for thirty-five years amid hardships and discouragements, of which penury was not the greatest, is the proof.

It was against nothing less than the world, or at least the world in which he lived, that this youth of twenty-six, with his humble partner, took up arms. Slavery was at the height of its power. It had been firmly installed in the Government by the complete victory of Jackson over Quincy Adams; for Jackson, though opposed to Southern nullification and secessionism, was a stanch friend of slavery. Since the conflict which ended in the Missouri Compromise, the slave-owning South had become solid, and no candidate for the all-coveted Presidency could hope to succeed if he was under its ban. Democrats and Whigs, therefore, alike bent their consciences to its dictation and courted its vote. Its fell influence was to be shown a few years hence by the miserable fall of Webster. It had passed the provisional and precarious stage of its existence, had put off its apologetic attitude, had proclaimed itself righteous and perpetual. Strong in its evil convictions, it wore a sort of moral majesty in comparison with the recreant North. Instead of the quiet demise which had once been its ostensible demand, it had begun to dream not only of endless life but of unlimited extension. The people idolized the Union which had been the source to them of wealth, security, and greatness; and the threat of secession brandished over their heads by the slave-owner was enough, as in the sequel lamentably appeared, to

bring all with whom political considerations were supreme to his feet. The interest of commerce in slavery, since the invention of the cotton-gin and the development of the cotton trade, was immense, and was apparently bound up with the institution, it being assumed on all hands that without negro labor cotton could not be raised. Nor was the stake of the North in the trade much less than that of the South, since the North largely supplied the capital and the machinery of distribution, while the debts which Southern improvidence contracted had made the North its creditor for an enormous sum. May, the abolitionist, was called out from an anti-slavery meeting at New York by a leading merchant of the city, who said to him: "Mr. May, we are not such fools as not to know that slavery is a great evil, a great wrong. But it was consented to by the founders of our republic. It was provided for in the Constitution of our Union. A great portion of the property of the Southerners is invested under its sanction; and the business of the North as well as the South has become adjusted to it. There are millions upon millions of dollars due from Southerners to the merchants and mechanics of this city alone, the payment of which would be jeopardized by any rupture between the North and the South. We cannot afford, sir, to let you and your associates succeed in your endeavor to overthrow

slavery. It is not a matter of principle with us; it is a matter of business necessity. We cannot afford to let you succeed; and I have called you out to let you know, and to let your fellow-laborers know, that we do not mean to allow you to succeed. We mean, sir, to put you abolitionists down—by fair means if we can, by foul means if we must." It is still rather hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Slavery was not less clearly an economical mistake than it was a moral wrong, slave labor being more costly than free labor, as well as less intelligent. This was demonstrable, but it was slavery that owed the millions to the merchants of New York. Nor was the influence of the South over the North political and commercial alone, it was also social. Aristocracy, albeit the aristocracy of slave-owners, or even of slave-breeders, imposed upon the mercantile Yankee, though in all essential respects he was far superior to the Southerner, as Venetian aristocracy had once imposed upon the mercantile Florentine. Southern magnates brought their high airs and their ostentation of chivalry to Washington and the Northern watering-places, while Southern youths were the mirrors of fashion in Northern universities. Slavery gave the tone to society through all its circles down even to the lowest. The boot-black was for slavery, as well as the Boston or New York financier, and felt that

he caught a ray of aristocracy thereby. The Roman Catholic Irish, who were now immigrating in large numbers, indemnified themselves for their oppression in their own country by setting their feet upon the negro, whose subjection they learned to prize as giving them a comparative elevation, and they went almost as one man into the party of slavery. The War of 1812, made by a triumph of Southern passion over Northern principle, had been followed at once by a triumph of military sentiment and a relaxation of Puritan morality. Moreover, the development of commerce and the opening of new mines of wealth by the extension of canals, the introduction of railways and the spread of settlement, had turned the minds of men to gain, made them desirous of political quiet, and indisposed them to moral effort. Under such influences people easily laid any flattering unction to their souls, persuading themselves that the slaves were better off than they would have been in Africa, that they could not be set free without danger of a massacre, that the constitutional impediments to emancipation were insuperable, that the faith of the nation pledged to the South must be kept, and that, as the American Republic was the peculiar care of heaven, everything must come right in the end. Seldom has a nation been in a more dangerous mood or more in need of the moral crusader. The churches were

controlled, and the pulpits either silenced or tuned in favor of slavery by the commercial interests and the political or social conservatism which prevailed in the congregations. The press was under the censorship of slavery, which extended not only over journalism but over literature. Foreign books, if they contained anti-slavery sentiments, were expurgated for the American market. So national morality was dumb.

## V.

ANCIENT slavery was bad enough. Let those who dote on Athenian civilization turn from the pages of Plato or the marbles of Phidias to the lines in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes playfully rehearsing the tortures which were applied to the slaves at Athens, though there the system of slavery was lightest. Let those who are captivated by the stately aspect of high and cultivated society at Rome think of the slave chained to the rich man's threshold, of the gangs of slaves immured in dungeons and worked like beasts, of the servile wars and the horrors of the vengeance which followed, of the filthy licentiousness of which slaves were the wretched ministers. Yet ancient slavery came to some extent in the course of nature. It seemed natural and right to a philosopher like Aristotle, whose writings are, for his age, full of humanity, and who could speak beautifully and tenderly about affection. In itself it did no more violence to the moral sense of the slave-owner than is done to the moral sense of the red ant when he makes the black ant his thrall. It was to some extent justified by the circumstances

of the community in days in which war was the general state and the freemen formed a warrior class defending the industrial class, to whom the enjoyment of security partly made up for the lack of freedom. Nor was it hopeless, since, there being no insurmountable barrier of race, the slave might look for a real emancipation, which placed him or his children on a level with the master class, and in the imperial court of Rome sometimes gave him the key of immense wealth and overweening power. Even without emancipation there might be real friendship and almost moral equality between a good master like Cicero and a slave like Tiro. In this way, and with reference to the ultimate outcome in human evolution, ancient slavery might be regarded as a sort of educational process applied to an inferior race. The possession of unlimited power over fellow-men must always corrupt; but ancient slavery did not so far corrupt the master class as to prevent it from producing noble and beautiful characters, as well as rendering the most brilliant intellectual services to civilization. Negro slavery in the Southern States, and wherever else it existed, was a hideous anachronism; it was a winter fallen into the lap of the human spring. It was utterly shocking to the moral sense, as the remorse of the more virtuous slave-owners and the fury of the more wicked alike proved. If ever it had been

patriarchal, even in the best households of the South, it had retained no vestige of that character in the plantations where slaves were worked to death like beasts for the profit of a master who never saw them, by an overseer who scarcely knew their names. Calhoun's fine theory of the more complex and perfect family, with its three domestic relations instead of two, was belied by every plantation, and by every large plantation most signally belied. Besides, where was the family of the slave? That a subject race was undergoing a process of education could not seriously be maintaind when it was denied the freedom of instruction even in the rudiments of knowledge, freedom of meeting even for the purpose of worship, freedom of intercourse, freedom of locomotion—everything, in short, that could raise it above the condition of beasts. The negroes were deliberately and systematically embruted by law, lest, becoming intelligent, they should aspire to liberty. Moral elevation there could be none where stable wedlock was denied and parental relations were set at naught; husband and wife, parent and child, being sent to separate auction-blocks when the interest of the slave-holder gave the word. It was averred that the slave was happy. If he was, even in the most swinish way, why the chains, why the blood-hounds, why the demands upon the North for increased strictness in the execution of

the fugitive-slave laws? Why was it assumed by the opponents of emancipation that if the slaves were set free their first act would be the massacre of their masters? The accounts of cruelties practised on slaves it is needless and would be odious to rehearse. They are as well attested as they are sickening.* In Tennessee, a Slave State, but not a centre of the venom of slavery, a negro who had killed his master was burned alive at a slow fire, a thousand citizens coolly looking on, and the editor of a paper, who was a Methodist preacher, saying that he would himself not only have taken part but have proposed that the negro, instead of being merely burned, should be torn to pieces with red-hot pinchers.† If the large plantation, where the overseer was driving the negroes to death that he might boast of having raised the largest crop, was the chief scene of these horrors, they would not fail to occur more or less wherever passion was unbridled and its victims were helpless, while the community took the guilt upon its conscience and compromised its morality by connivance, if not by tacit approbation.

* See Rankin's "Letters on American Slavery," especially Letter VIII. See also Olmsted's "Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom," Vol. II., Chapter V.

† Olmsted's "Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom," II., 352. Another case is given in the same volume, page 349. Judge Jay told Mr. Olmsted that he had evidence in his possession every year for twenty years.

Unlike ancient slavery, negro slavery in America was hopeless, for color was a fatal bar to fusion, and the lot of the freed negro, a hated and suspected pariah, was little better than that of the slave. The effect on the character of the masters could not be doubtful. It was deplored by the best men of the South. Gentlemen no doubt the South had, with the ease and grace of manner and the flowing hospitality which assured position, wealth, and freedom from toil or trade often produce; but the normal outcome of domestic despotism was the fire-eater and the bully. Unlike the ancient slave-owner, the American slave-owner was consciously trampling on humanity. If he desperately tried to persuade himself that the negro whom he deprived of his wages and tore from his wife and children was not a man, what had he to say about the existence all around him of mulattoes and quadroons? Participation in the trade of slave-breeding, which had taken the place of the foreign slave-trade, must have been utterly fatal to the character of a gentleman. The young planter was reared by negro nurses and companions in grossness and moral filthiness as well as in the habit of tyranny. An actual slave-driver daily lashing helpless men and women could never fail to take the impress of his trade. The "mean whites," if they were not employed in slave-driving, eschewed industry, which

they deemed the badge of the slave, and lived a life little better than vagabondage, while they were servile dependents on the great planters, though their hearts were full of the evil pride of race. Drinking, gambling, and fighting were their pleasures.

Olmsted has left us an inestimable picture of society in the Cotton States as it was before the war. Evidently it was barbarism, masked by a thin veneer of luxury and high living, with little real comfort or refinement on the top. The Cotton States had no literature or science. Even the boasted hospitality of the South seems to have been little more than the rich man's craving for company in a social waste. The higher industries, with their civilizing influence, were excluded not only by the economical but by the social and political conditions of a system which a body of free and intelligent mechanics would have overturned. The commerce of the whites with the black women who were in their power could not fail to impair the dignity and purity of domestic life. Nor could property in female quadroons and octoroons fail to give birth to a commerce of lust. If the consignment by a heartless white of his own offspring to the slave-dealer was rare, it was not unknown. The churches, instead of combating the power of evil, put on its livery, consecrated its wrong-doings, and wrested

the Gospel to its service. One Church sanctioned polygamy when ordained by the cupidity of the slave-breeder, and another endorsed the rule excluding negro evidence. Not one of them seems even to have preached mercy, much less justice. All this may be freely recounted now, since the South, having not only lost slavery, but renounced it, the whole story belongs to the past; though something of the barbarous recklessness of human life engendered by the system lingers in its old seats, and the lynching of negroes, instead of bringing them to regular trial, is still terribly common.

In its fall the slave power was glorified by splendid feats of arms. The virtues of the soldier, if any, were those which a system teaching scorn of industry was likely to breed in the dominant race. But it was by the love of country, and by the spirit of men defending their homes against an invader, more than by slavery, or even by the pride of race, that the arm of Southern heroism was moved. Of the many who fought bravely on those famous fields only a mere fraction were owners of slaves.

The advocates of slavery wrought themselves up at last to the belief that it was the indispensable basis of a republic. They talked even of relighting the torch of liberty at the altar of slavery. They had the ancient republics in their minds, as had Rousseau when he lapsed into the same heresy.

But those republics were not democracies; they were oligarchies of warriors more or less narrow. To a truly democratic republic, such as the United States aimed at being, slavery with its oligarchy of masters was deadly poison. This its advocates themselves proclaimed when they poured scorn on a commonwealth of "greasy mechanics," and avowed their belief that slavery would be the right relation everywhere between the employer and the employed. On the other hand, it had great political strength of an aggressive kind. Its political leaders and representatives in Congress were held together by a firm bond of social and commercial interest. Their minds were entirely devoted to politics; they had almost a life-tenure of their seats, while other members of Congress held their seats by the precarious tenure of popular favor: amid an assembly of merchants and platform speakers they were statesmen; in this respect the country has not since produced their peers. They imposed by their assumption of social superiority, by the loftiness of their bearing, and by their familiarity with the habit and language of command. No wonder if the republic was almost at their feet!

In 1831 there was a rising of slaves at Southampton, in Virginia, headed by Nat Turner, who appears to have been half-crazed. The houses of planters were burned, planters and their families were slain.

A terrible outpouring of white vengeance ensued. In an assembly of the Virginia Legislature which followed, voices were raised against slavery as the bane and peril of the State. These were the dying accents of the anti-slavery sentiment which had been freely expressed by Virginian patriots such as Jefferson and Randolph. More in keeping with existing sentiment was the protest that "a slave-owner had as good a right to the child of his own slave as to the foal of his own mare." Abolitionism in Virginia was thenceforth silent, and the hope of emancipation from within had breathed its last.

If slavery did not exist in the North, caste did, and with even greater intensity than at the South, where the planter's children, brought up by negro nurses, learned habits of familiarity with the race, and where, the black man having as a slave no more social pretensions than a dog, the white man could not be compromised by the contact. At the North the negro was free, but a pariah, or something lower still. He was not allowed to associate with the whites in any way. His children could not be in the public school with them. He could not sit down to table with them, or sit beside them in the theatre or the street-cars. He could not worship beside them in the churches, where it was proclaimed in the name of Christ that God had made all races of one blood to dwell together on the earth. He was

excluded from all professions, from all the higher callings, and even from all handicraft of the skilled kind, nothing being left to him but manual and menial labor. "Where is the use," plaintively murmured an intelligent negro boy, "of me trying to learn, when I can never be anything but 'a nigger'?" His presence and touch were hardly less offensive than those of the vilest animal. Most men would probably have thought less of being convicted of sharp practice in commerce, or of any crime of violence short of murder, than of a serious derogation from white caste in intercourse with a negro. The very mention of a mixed marriage would have been worse than blasphemy. Had the slaves been white the whole scene would have been changed, and slavery would have been swept away in a flood of philanthropic sentiment. It was color that was fatal, and fatal in a sense in which perhaps Garrison never allowed his thoughts to dwell. The only bright point in the horizon was England, where humanity had triumphed and emancipation was close at hand.

## VI.

EMANCIPATION immediate, unconditional, and without compensation—such was the platform on which Garrison had now taken his stand, and such were the doctrines which the *Liberator*, as soon as it got fairly under way, began to preach. The first article followed upon the belief in the utter wrongfulness and sinfulness of slavery, which was the necessary basis of the moral and religious movement, and in grasping which Garrison had grasped the sole and certain assurance of victory. If man could have no property in man, he could no more have property for a day than for ever. The slave was at once entitled to his freedom; he was entitled to set himself free if he could by flight or by insurrection. If the slaves who were shipped in Mr. Todd's vessel had risen upon the crew, tumbled into the hold or even killed those who resisted, and carried the vessel into a free port, they would have been doing right in the eyes of all but the slave-owner and his friends. For the same reason it was logical to protest against any condition not imposed in the interest of the slave. But conditions might

be imposed in the slave's interest, to smooth and safeguard a transition which no reasonable man could believe to be free from peril. The policy of provisional apprenticeship was adopted for that purpose by the British Parliament, and though without practical success, certainly without moral wrong. But in refusing to sanction compensation to the slave-owner, Garrison would surely have gone astray. What is or is not property in the eye of morality, morality must decide. What is or is not property in a particular community is decided by the law of that community. The law of the American community had sanctioned the holding of property in slaves, and though the slave was not bound by that law the community itself was. Men had been induced to invest their money in slaves under the guarantee of the public faith, and emancipation without compensation, so far as the republic was concerned, would have been breach of faith and robbery. The slave-owner had sinned no more in holding slaves than the State had sinned in sanctioning his possession, and if a sacrifice was to be made to public morality, equity demanded that it should be made by all alike. The British legislature, overriding extremist proposals, acted upon this principle; and it did right. What the conscience of the individual slave-owner might dictate to him was another affair. To declare that there should

be no compensation, and thus to threaten a powerful body of proprietors with beggary, would have been to make the conflict internecine. After the civil war it was sorrowfully recalled that the price of the slaves would have been about six hundred millions, which would have been a cheap redemption from a struggle which cost eight thousand millions of dollars, besides the blood and havoc. If the *Liberator* had been instrumental in preventing such a settlement, a dark shade of responsibility would rest upon its pages. But it is not likely that the settlement ever could have taken place. Not the commercial interest alone of the slave-owner, but his political ambition and his social pride were bound up with the institution. If he had been willing to part with his crops of cotton and tobacco, he would not have been willing to part with his aristocracy. Nor would it have been easy, when the State had paid its money, to enforce the real fulfilment of the bargain. Even now, when the South has been humbled by defeat, it is not easy to make her obey the law. Nothing more than the substitution of serfage for slavery would probably have been the result. Any such scheme, however, would scarcely have been feasible for a government like that of the American republic. The redemption of the slaves in the West Indies had been conceived and carried into effect by the imperial

government and Parliament, acting upon the dependencies with autocratic power. A czar conceived and carried into effect the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. But a measure of this kind could hardly have been conceived, much less could it have been carried into effect, amid the fluctuations of popular suffrage and the distractions of political party. It is probable that the conflict was really irrepressible, and doomed to end either in separation or civil war.

The salutatory of the *Liberator* avowed that its editor meant to speak out without restraint. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!" This promise was amply kept. Some of Garrison's best friends, and of the best friends of his cause, complained of the severity of his language, and their complaint cannot be set aside as unfounded. Railing accusations are a mistake, even when the delin-

quent is Satanic. Unmeasured and indiscriminate language can never be justified. Washington had inherited an evil kind of property and an imperfect morality in connection with it; but no one could have called him a man-stealer; and there were still owners of slaves to whom the name as little belonged. Citations of the controversial invective of Luther and Milton will avail us nothing; the age of Luther and Milton was in that respect uncivilized. A youth dealing with a subject on which his feelings are excited is sure to be unmeasured. However, it was to the conscience of the nation that Garrison was appealing; and an appeal to conscience is unavoidably severe. Nothing will warrant the appeal but that which necessitates severity. The voice of conscience herself within us is severe. In answer to the clergymen who shrank from him, or professed to shrink from him, on account of the violence of his language, Garrison might have pointed, not only to passages in the Hebrew prophets, but to passages in the discourses of Christ. He might have reminded them of the language in which they were themselves, every Sunday in the pulpit, warning men to turn from every sin but slavery. With no small force he pleaded that he had icebergs of indifference around him, and it would take a good deal of fire in himself to melt them. To hate and denounce the sin either in the

abstract or as that of a class or community is not to hate or denounce the individual sinner. To an individual slave-owner who had shown any disposition to hear him, Garrison would have been all courtesy and kindness. We may be sure that he would have clasped at once to his heart any slave-owner who had repented. Having, to use his own figure, taken in his hand the trumpet of God, he resolved to blow a strong blast. He could not believe that there was a sin without a sinner, nor could he separate the sinner from the sin. There was much wrath but no venom in the man. If there had been venom in him it would have belied his countenance and deportment. Miss Martineau, not an uncritical observer, was profoundly impressed with the saint-like expression and the sweetness of his manner. In private and in his family he was all gentleness and affection. Let it be said, too, that he set a noble example to controversial editors in his fair treatment of his opponents. Not only did he always give insertion to their replies, but he copied their criticisms from other journals into his own. Fighting for freedom of discussion, he was ever loyal to his own principle.

What is certain is that the *Liberator*, in spite of the smallness of its circulation, which was hardly enough to keep it alive, soon told. The South was moved to its centre. The editorials probably would

not have caused much alarm, as the slaves could not read. What was likely to cause more alarm was the frontispiece, which spoke plainly enough to the slave's eye. It represented an auction at which "slaves, horses, and other cattle" were being offered for sale, and a whipping-post at which a slave was being flogged. In the background was the Capitol at Washington, with a flag inscribed "Liberty" floating over the dome. There might have been added the motto of Virginia, *Sic semper tyrannis*, and perhaps some extracts from the republican orations with which even now the South was celebrating the victory of French liberty over Charles X. On seeing the *Liberator* the realm of slavery bestirred itself. A Vigilance Association took the matter in hand. First came fiery and bloodthirsty editorials; then anonymous threats; then attempts by legal enactment to prevent the circulation of the *Liberator* at the South. The Grand Jury of North Carolina found a true bill against Garrison for the circulation of a paper of seditious tendency, the penalty for which was whipping and imprisonment for the first offence, and death without benefit of clergy for the second. The General Assembly of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who, under the laws of that State, should arrest the editor of the *Liberator*, bring him to trial, and prosecute him to conviction. The South reproached Boston with

allowing a battery to be planted on her soil against the ramparts of Southern institutions. Boston felt the reproach, and showed that she would gladly have suppressed the incendiary print and perhaps have delivered up its editor; but the law was against her, and the mass of the people, though wavering in their allegiance to morality on the question of slavery, were still loyal to freedom of opinion. When a Southern Governor appealed to the Mayor of Boston to take proceedings, the Mayor of Boston could only shake his head and assure his Southern friend that Garrison's paper was of little account. The reward offered by the General Assembly of Georgia looked very like an incitement to kidnapping. Justice to the South requires it to be said that nothing of the kind was ever attempted, nor was the hand of a Southern government visible in any outrage committed against abolitionists at the North, though individual Southerners might take part, and the spirit of the Southern fire-eater was always there.

It was just at this time that the South and its clientage at the North were thrown into a paroxysm of excitement by the Bloody Monday, as Nat Turner's rising at Southampton was called. The rising was easily suppressed, and Virginia saw, as Jamaica has since seen, how cruel is the panic of a dominant race. Not the slightest connection of the outbreak with Northern abolitionism was traced. That Garrison or

any one connected with him ever incited the slaves to revolt, or said a word intentionally which could lead to servile war, seems to be utterly untrue. His preaching to the slaves, on the contrary, was always patience, submission, abstinence from violence, while in his own moral code he carried non-resistance to an extreme. Moreover, his championship held out hope, and what goads to insurrection is despair. The most incendiary thing ever uttered was the judgment of Chief Justice Taney, who laid it down that the slave had no rights against his master, since it plainly followed, if the slave had no rights against his master, that the master had no rights against the slave, and that the slave was morally at liberty, when he could, to steal the master's goods or cut his throat. Of the evils of slavery the *Liberator* could hardly speak in words more inflammatory than those which had been used by the Virginian Jefferson and Randolph, or even than those which were used by some members of the Virginian Assembly in 1831. To suppose that the slaves when set free would fall upon their masters and murder them was absurd; they might rise to break their chains, but why should they rise when their chains were broken? Mr. Birney's slaves, when emancipated, cheerfully took service under him as free laborers. The horrors of St. Domingo were committed not by free negroes, but by slaves grievously oppressed,

among whom had been thrown the torch of revolution and civil war. More than once the whites have massacred the blacks, but the blacks have never in a state of freedom massacred the whites. When at last the slaves in the South were enfranchised by Northern arms, hardly a single case of outrage committed by them against their masters was recorded. The masters, as well as the abolitionists, are entitled to the benefit of that fact, while the slaves are entitled to it most of all.

The nearest approach made by Garrison to strong measures was his approval of the Quaker policy of extinguishing slavery by refusing to buy its products, or boycotting it, to use the now familiar term. He does not seem, however, to have relied greatly on this plan, nor was it worth much. Products are indistinguishably blended; interests are blended still more indistinguishably; the Quaker, if he was in trade, though he might refuse to wear a cotton shirt or to smoke tobacco, could never be safe against having gains made by the sale of cotton or tobacco in his pocket.

Hardly less arduous than the war to be waged against slavery in the South was the war to be waged against the exclusiveness of race at the North. Garrison bravely trampled upon caste, and in every way identified himself personally with the negroes. Moral courage in those days could no

further go. His efforts in this direction, however, we cannot help regarding with a pensive misgiving. He, like the enthusiasts of Abolition, had persuaded himself that color was nothing, that the feeling about it was a mere prejudice, that the black man not only was a brother to be taken at once to the white man's heart, but was in every respect, intellectual as well as moral, the white man's equal, and, to prove himself so, wanted nothing but education. To the allegation of some pro-slavery fanatics that the negro was not a man, or not of the same species as the white, the existence on a large scale of a mixed creed, the offspring of white lust abusing its command of negro women, was, as has already been said, an answer hideously conclusive. That the antipathy and the contempt felt for the African were extravagant, and even vile, that they were largely consequent on the brand of slavery which was capable of being removed, that the negro had never had fair play, and till he had, it was unjust to disrate him, intellectually or morally, was most true. In his native land, it might be said, the climate, combined with the seductive lavishness of nature, induced torpor and repressed effort. To Hayti, it might be urged, he had been brought in the slave-ship only to pass through a most cruel and degrading bondage into a tornado of revolutionary strife and blood. What he would be in such a country as the United

States and under the happier training of American institutions still remained to be seen. In Hayti he had produced Toussaint, as to whose character there could be no doubt, and as little as to his capacity, since he had the honor of being kidnapped and murdered as a dangerous man by the great Napoleon. But the social delibility of color unhappily was a dream; the physical antipathy is a fact which cannot be put out of sight; the intellectual inferiority of the negro, as a rule, whether it be congenital and ingrained, or the mere effect of circumstance and thus capable of effacement, is a fact not to be gainsaid; and out of the grave of slavery in the South has risen, apparently defying solution, the problem of the races. To touch the tenderest point: Garrison demanded the repeal of a Massachusetts law fining any one who should marry a negro or an Indian to a white, and he bore with perfect serenity the jeers which his chivalry provoked. But he married a white woman. Would he have married a black? Could he have borne to see his son bringing home a black wife, or his daughter in the arms of a black husband? Unless those questions can be answered in the affirmative, here was a part of the problem, the depth of which he had not sounded, and the difficult and almost desperate character of which, were he now alive, he would be forced to acknowledge.

The determination to keep the negro down and deny him education was not much less strong at the North than at the South. Prudence Crandall, a school teacher, at Canterbury, Conn., finding that a negro girl would not be admitted among the whites, tried, with Garrison's sanction, to open a school for negro girls alone. The town was in a ferment. Miss Crandall was boycotted, she and her pupils were insulted, the door and steps of her house were smeared with filth, and her well was polluted. As she still held her ground, outraged caste procured an enactment subjecting to fine and imprisonment any person who should set up anywhere in Connecticut a school for resident colored pupils not members of the State. When the law was passed, bells were rung and cannon were fired. Miss Crandall was indicted and sent to jail. Counsel was found for her by Arthur Tappan, who had paid Garrison's fine at Baltimore, and a long law-suit ended in a failure of the prosecution only on technical grounds. But the school was broken up by violence, the house was set on fire, assaulted by a midnight mob with clubs and wrecked; nor was there any redress. Let it be noted that these things were done not by magnates of New York commerce or city servants of Mammon, but by the rural population of a New England State. A scheme for founding a negro college at New Haven was crushed at

once by a protest of the leading citizens, "as an unwarrantable and dangerous interference with the internal concerns of other States, and as incompatible with the prosperity, if not with the existence, of the present institutions of learning." The Faculty of Yale, by their silence, approved the manifesto.*

The *Liberator* was the voice of one crying in the wilderness; to give it practical force, embodiment in an organization was required. The New England Anti-Slavery Society was accordingly formed. It took that name and inscribed "Immediate Emancipation" on its banner, after some pleading in favor of a feebler aim and a milder appellation among the more timid, whose hesitation was overborne by the strong will of Garrison. It was finally organized in the year 1832, in the school-room under the African Baptist Church in Belknap Street, Boston. "Of the adjourned meeting," says Mr. Johnson, "my recollections are very vivid. A fierce north-east storm, combining snow, rain, and hail in about equal proportions, was raging, and the streets were full of slush. They were dark, too, for the city of Boston in those days was very economical of light on 'Nigger Hill.' It almost seemed as if nature was frowning upon the new effort to abolish slavery. But

* Johnson's "Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Movement," 119–128.

the spirits of the little company rose superior to all external circumstances." The preamble of the Constitution was as follows:

"We, the undersigned, hold that every person of full age and sane mind has a right to immediate freedom from personal bondage of whatsoever kind, unless imposed by the sentence of the law for the commission of some crime. We hold that man cannot, consistently with reason, religion, and the eternal and immutable principles of justice, be the property of man. We hold that whoever retains his fellow-man in bondage is guilty of a grievous wrong. We hold that a mere difference of complexion is no reason why any man should be deprived of any of his natural rights or subjected to any political disability. While we advance these opinions as the principles on which we intend to act, we declare that we will not operate on the existing relations of society by other than peaceful and lawful means, and that we will give no countenance to violence or insurrection."

There is nothing in this fanatical or extravagant in the eyes of any one who believes that the negro is a man. Yet it cost the association the allegiance for a time of Child, Loring, and Sewall, two of whom had been the pecuniary mainstay of the *Liberator*. Those who signed, to the apostolic number of twelve, were William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver

Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, and Henry K. Stockton—hardly any of them, according to Mr. Johnson, worth a hundred dollars. However, after signing they stepped out with glad hearts into the dark and stormy night. The objects of the society were defined to be "to endeavor, by all means sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion, to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States, to improve the character and condition of the free people of color, to improve and correct public opinion in relation to their situation and rights, and obtain for them equal civil and political rights and privileges with the white." A reasonable aim, the real equality of the African with the white man in political capacity being always presupposed.

## VI.

THE forces placed under Garrison's command by the formation of the New England Anti-Slavery Society were at once led by him to the attack of the Colonization Society, in which he now saw the deadliest foe of his cause, though it had at one time engaged his sympathy. The declared object of the Colonization Society was to found on the coast of Africa a colony, such as Liberia is, as an asylum for negroes who had been set free in the South, and at the same time as an experimental seed-plot and centre of African civilization. It is just, as well as charitable, to assume that the intentions of the founders had been sincere and good, though Webster expressed suspicion from the first. The position of a free negro at the South was abject and hopeless, while belief in the necessity of separating the races, which this policy implied, had, as has already been hinted, a stronger foundation than Garrisonians were willing to allow. But the Society seems by this time to have really degenerated into a safety-valve for slavery and a drug for the conscience of the North. It unquestionably had

sinister support. As a solution of the question its policy was almost farcical, since the number of negroes whom it could carry off was a mere driblet compared with the yearly increase from breeding and the contraband trade. Its great crime in Garrison's eyes, however, was that it treated the negro as an alien, whose presence was a calamity to himself and to the State, not as an American citizen under a cloud of unmerited oppression who ought to be set free and made happy in the land of his birth or adoption. He assailed its doctrines and purposes in a pamphlet deemed his masterpiece. It was certainly a strong point to be able to say that of all the officers of the Society nearly three-fourths were slave-owners, yet not one of them had emancipated a slave to be sent to Liberia; that the President was the owner of a thousand slaves, and that a former President had offered a large reward to any one who would capture a runaway female and put her into any jail in the United States. But it was when he came to the assumption of the perpetual degradation of the negro that the writer's wrath burst into flame. "The detestation of feeling, the fire of moral indignation, and the agony of soul which I have felt kindling and swelling within me, in the progress of this review, under this section reach the acme of intensity." The doctrine and sentiments of the pamphlet estranged so many as nearly to kill

the *Liberator*, but its sale, being large, brought timely relief to the exchequer.

Garrison now got himself deputed to England, where the emissaries of the Society had been enlisting sympathy and support in the name of Abolitionism, and had led astray even Clarkson and others of the elect. Addressing colored meetings on his road and dodging by his movements persecutors who were on his track, he made his way to New York and sailed for England as the representative of American Abolitionism, May 2, 1833, being then not twenty-eight years of age. He found the British measure on the eve of becoming law. As it included compensation and apprenticeship, he was inclined to regard it with disdain, though he might have learned a lesson from its steadfast justice, if not from its practical wisdom. He was heartily received, and among other attentions paid him, was invited to breakfast by Buxton. When he entered, his host, instead of taking his hand at once, scanned him with a look of surprise, and inquired with an accent of doubt whether he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison, of Boston, in the United States. Being told that he had, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man! and I have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black ad-

vocate of emancipation from the United States of America." Garrison took this as a high compliment, since it implied a belief that no white American would plead as he had done for the slave. He might further have welcomed the incident as a proof that the negro, in a land where he had not borne the brand of slavery, was not an object of social abhorrence. Garrison also had the honor of breakfasting with Wilberforce, and was deeply impressed by his serene patience under bodily suffering, his silvery voice, his benevolent smile, the look of intellect in his eye, the union of fluency and modesty in his discourse, the exactness and elegance of his diction, the combination of dignity with affability and simplicity in his manner. The harmony of gentleness with energy and moral might reminded Garrison of Christ and the Apostles. The frail and puny frame curled up on a sofa struck him as a curious contrast to the colossal majesty of Daniel Webster; and he had yet to see that in Webster's body dwelt a mighty intellect but not so great a soul. Soon after Wilberforce died, and at the end of the august funeral procession at Westminster Abbey, headed by Wellington and Peel, walked the editor of the *Liberator*.

Garrison was successful in his mission. He convinced the British Abolitionists, if not that the Colonization Society was "the mystery of iniquity,"

that its objects were equivocal and that it was undeserving of their support. To this they set their hands; Clarkson alone, who was blind and at the mercy of informants, persisting in neutrality for the time. The agent of the Society was discomfited and left the field. Garrison had a successful meeting in Exeter Hall, the temple of Evangelical philanthropy, and addressed it at great length. Citing the denunciation of the American slaveholders by O'Connell, whose memory must always be honored among those of the enemies of slavery, he said that never was a more just and fearless rebuke given to a guilty nation, adding that whatever responsibility might attach to Great Britain for the introduction of slavery into the United States (and the talk of robbery and kidnapping as things that might be entailed, in his opinion was precious absurdity), from the first moment in which the people of the United States published their Declaration of Independence to the world, they became exclusively accountable for the existence and continuance of negro slavery. O'Connell had promised to be at the meeting and speak, but he had forgotten all about it. He was found at a breakfast, just rising to address the company. A note of reminder having been slipped into his hand, he drove off at once to the hall, and, as Garrison said, "threw off his magnificent speech as he threw off his coat." To

Garrison's ear, invective against slavery was sure to be magnificent if it was full-bodied, and for full-bodied invective O'Connell was the man. "The American slave-owners," said the orator, "are the basest of the base, the most execrable of the execrable. I thank God that upon the wings of the press the voice of so humble an individual as myself will pass against the western breeze—that it will reach the rivers, the lakes, the mountains, and the glens of America—and that the friends of liberty there will sympathize with me, and rejoice that I here tear down the image of liberty from the recreant land of America, and condemn her as the vilest of hypocrites, the greatest of liars." The press did carry these words against the western breeze, and they could not fail to prepare for Garrison a warm reception on his return.

It must be owned that he was now, both in point of principle and of policy, on somewhat slippery ground. It is incumbent on a reformer to fulfil all righteousness, and to render to Cæsar all things that to-day belong to Cæsar, though he may hope that the ultimate effect of his preaching will be the dethronement of Cæsar, and the enthronement of a better power. Garrison avowed himself, on philanthropic questions at least, a cosmopolitan; he declared that his country was the world, and his countrymen were all mankind. This was well; but

the hour of cosmopolitanism had not yet fully come, and meantime it was necessary to keep terms with national sentiment, not on grounds of policy merely, but because patriotism, which could hardly be dissevered from national sentiment or even from national pride, was a part of the virtue of ordinary men. However, if Garrison was advancing too fast or too far, it was at all events on a line on which, if our most generous hopes are fulfilled, humanity would some day overtake him.

On his return Garrison was received as a traducer of his country; a meeting to organize an Anti-Slavery Society in the city of New York, for which he chanced to come in, was mobbed, and the Abolitionists were all driven from the hall except one imperturbable Quaker, who retained his seat and disconcerted the invaders by his laconic serenity. A threatening mob beset the *Liberator* office at Boston. The pro-slavery press of course opened fire. But Garrison, in face of the storm of shot, nailed his colors to the mast. "I speak the truth, painful, humiliating, and terrible as it is; and because I am bold and faithful to do so, am I to be branded as the calumniator and enemy of my country? If to suffer sin upon my brother be to hate him in my heart, then to suffer sin upon my country would be an evidence, not of my love, but hatred of her. Sir, it is because my affection for her is intense and

paramount to all selfish considerations that I do not parley with her crimes. I know that she can neither be truly happy nor prosperous while she continues to manacle and brutalize every sixth child born on her soil. Lying lips are speaking 'peace, peace to her, but she shall not see peace until the tears of her repentance shall have washed away every stain of blood from her escutcheon.'" "They," concluded Garrison, "were the real traducers of the country, who by their practices were dishonoring her before the world." This was the true philosophy of the matter, but a populace is not philosophic.

Here a bright ray of domestic happiness falls on the dark and troubled scene. On September 4, 1834, Garrison was married to Miss Helen Benson, whose father was a member of the philanthropic circle, and who had himself been first drawn to Garrison as a philanthropist. As soon as it was known that the Amalgamationist was about to be married, the mouths of the mockers of course were opened. They were playfully informed in reply that they would soon be enabled to decide whether the editor of the *Liberator* was going to espouse a white or a black woman. The woman whom he did espouse and in whom he found an excellent wife, far from resembling the "Americans called Africans," as the Abolitionists styled the negroes, was plump and rosy, with blue eyes and fair brown hair. In justice to

the opponents of Garrison, and to those who have inherited the desperate difficulties of the race problem, it must be noted once more that if he was an Amalgamationist it was in theory only, and that amalgamation lay nearer the root of the whole question than he ever allowed himself to perceive.

Hitherto there had been only the New England Society and some other local societies. A great step in advance was taken October 29, 1833, by the call of a convention for the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The call was signed by Arthur Tappan, President, Joshua Leavitt, one of the Managers, and Elizur Wright, Jr., Secretary of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society. The meeting-place was Philadelphia, to which in the beginning of December the Abolitionists made their way, though Whittier, and perhaps not he alone, had to contend with the difficulties of a slender purse. On the road Garrison got into conversation with a fellow-passenger, who did not know him by sight, on the subject of slavery. The stranger was most favorably impressed by Garrison's exposition, and said that if all Abolitionists were like him there would be less opposition to the enterprise. "But, sir, depend upon it, that hare-brained, reckless fanatic, Garrison, will damage if he does not shipwreck any cause." "Allow me, sir, to introduce you to Mr. Garrison," said a fellow-delegate, the Rev. S. J. May.

On the morning of December the 4th between fifty and sixty delegates, representing ten of the twelve free States, made their way, greeted as they went with abusive language, to Adelphi Hall, which they found guarded by the police. The police, in spite of the popular ferment, seems always to have done its duty. The assembly consisted largely of young men. Beriah Green was President of the convention. An attempt had been made to get the chair taken by a Philadelphian whose character would give the meeting an air of respectability, but of course in vain. Garrison was deputed to draft a Declaration of Principles. This he did between ten at night and eight in the morning, when he was found with shutters closed and lamp burning just writing the last paragraph. We may be sure that the matter was already beforehand in his mind; perhaps to a great extent had taken form. The declaration was accepted as he drew it, with the exception of a paragraph directed against his hated enemy, the Colonization Society, which was wisely stricken out as a needless attack on the dying. The good Thomas Shipley took exception to the term "man-stealer" as applied indiscriminately to the slave-owners, and, to quiet his scruples, the words "according to Scripture" were inserted; Mr. Garrison objecting on the ground that this would make the rights of man dependent upon a text. Mr. May says

that he never in his life saw a deeper impression made by a document. "After the voice of the reader had ceased, there was a profound silence for several minutes. Our hearts were in perfect unison. There was but one thought with us all. Either of the members could have told what the whole convention felt. We felt that the word had just been uttered which would be mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of slavery." The manifesto is admirable from Garrison's point of view, and, given entire, it will be a fair exposition of his aims as well as a good specimen of his literary work.

### DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS.

The Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to organize a National Anti-Slavery Society, promptly seize the opportunity to promulgate the following Declaration of Sentiments, as cherished by them in relation to the enslavement of one-sixth portion of the American people.

More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since a band of patriots convened in this place to devise measures for the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke. The corner-stone upon which they founded the Temple of Freedom was broadly this: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At the sound of their trumpet-call, three millions of people rose up as from the sleep of death and rushed to the strife of blood; deeming it more glorious to die instantly as freemen than desirable to live one hour as slaves. They were few in number, poor in resources; but the honest conviction that Truth, Justice, and Right were on their side made them invincible.

We have met together for the achievement of an enterprise without which that of our fathers is incomplete; and which, for its magnitude, solemnity, and probable results upon the des-

tiny of the world, as far transcends theirs as moral truth does physical force.

In purity of motive, in earnestness of zeal, in decision of purpose, in intrepidity of action, in steadfastness of faith, in sincerity of spirit, we would not be inferior to them.

Their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. Ours forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage, relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. Ours shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption —the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.

Their grievances, great as they were, were trifling in comparison with the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom we plead. Our fathers were never slaves—never bought and sold like cattle —never shut out from the light and knowledge of religion—never subjected to the lash of brutal taskmasters.

But those for whose emancipation we are striving—constituting at the present time at least one-sixth part of our countrymen—are recognized by law and treated by their fellow-beings as marketable commodities, as goods and chattels, as brute beasts, are plundered daily of the fruits of their toil without redress; really enjoy no constitutional nor legal protection from licentious and murderous outrages upon their persons, and are ruthlessly torn asunder—the tender babe from the arms of its frantic mother—the heart broken wife from her weeping husband—at the caprice or pleasure of irresponsible tyrants. For the crime of having a dark complexion they suffer the pangs of hunger, the infliction of stripes, the ignominy of brutal servitude. They are kept in heathenish darkness by laws expressly enacted to make their instruction a criminal offence.

These are the prominent circumstances in the condition of more than two millions of our people, the proof of which may be found in thousands of indisputable facts and in the laws of the slave-holding States.

Hence we maintain—that, in view of the civil and religious

privileges of this nation, the guilt of its oppression is unequalled by any other on the face of the earth; and, therefore, that it is bound to repent instantly, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free.

We further maintain—that no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother—to hold or acknowledge him, for one moment, as a piece of merchandise—to keep back his hire by fraud—or to brutalize his mind by denying him the means of intellectual, social, and moral improvement.

The right to enjoy liberty is inalienable. To invade it is to usurp the prerogative of Jehovah. Every man has a right to his own body—to the products of his own labor—to the protection of law—and to the common advantages of society. It is piracy to buy or steal a native African, to subject him to servitude. Surely the sin is as great to enslave an American as an African.

Therefore we believe and affirm—that there is no difference, in principle, between the African slave-trade and American slavery:

That every American citizen who retains a human being in involuntary bondage as his property is, according to Scripture (Exodus xxi.16), a man-stealer:

That the slaves ought instantly to be set free and brought under the protection of law:

That if they had lived from the time of Pharaoh down to the present period, and had been entailed through successive generations, their right to be free could never have been alienated, but their claims would have constantly risen in solemnity.

That all those laws which are now in force, admitting the right of slavery, are therefore, before God, utterly null and void; being an audacious usurpation of the Divine prerogative, a daring infringement on the law of nature, a base overthrow of the very foundations of the social compact, a complete extinction of all the relations, endearments, and obligations of mankind, and a presumptuous transgression of all the holy commandments; and that therefore they ought instantly to be abrogated.

We further believe and affirm—that all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges and the exercise of the same prerogatives as others; and that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence

should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion.

We maintain that no compensation should be given to the planters emancipating their slaves:

Because it would be a surrender of the great fundamental principle that man cannot hold property in man:

Because slavery is a crime, and therefore is not an article to be sold:

Because the holders of slaves are not the just proprietors of what they claim; freeing the slave is not depriving them of property, but restoring it to its rightful owner; it is not wronging the master, but righting the slave—restoring him to himself:

Because immediate and general emancipation would only destroy nominal, not real, property; it would not amputate a limb or break a bone of the slaves, but, by infusing motives into their breasts, would make them doubly valuable to the masters as free laborers: and

Because, if compensation is to be given at all, it should be given to the outraged and guiltless slaves, and not to those who have plundered and abused them.

We regard as delusive, cruel, and dangerous any scheme of expatriation which pretends to aid, either directly or indirectly, in the emancipation of the slaves, or to be a substitute for the immediate and total abolition of slavery.

We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each State to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, under the present national compact, has no right to interfere with any of the slave States in relation to this momentous subject:

But we maintain that Congress has a right, and is solemnly bound, to suppress the domestic slave-trade between the several States, and to abolish slavery in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction.

We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force, to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to

suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave-owner to vote for three-fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South for its protection, and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal, and full of danger; *it must be broken up.*

These are our views and principles—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of our Independence and the truths of Divine Revelation, as upon the Everlasting Rock.

We shall organize Anti-Slavery Societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty, and of rebuke.

We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

We shall aim at the purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves by giving a preference to their productions; and

We shall spare no exertion nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may personally be defeated, but our principles never! Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this Declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth; to deliver our land from its deadliest curse; to wipe out the foulest stain that rests upon our national escutcheon; and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and

privileges which belong to them as men and as Americans—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of Liberty, Justice, and Humanity, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause.

Done at Philadelphia, the 6th day of December, A.D. 1833.

If slavery was a wrong not less grievous than taxation without representation on the smallest scale and in the mildest form, the second Philadelphia Declaration might fairly challenge comparison, both in importance and in righteousness, with the first.

"To bring the whole nation to speedy repentance" was the special object of this Convention and of the movement which it embodied. It was the object of no other association or movement, and it was the one thing needful. In this lies the value and the interest of the founder's life. Repentance there could not be without conviction of sin, nor could there be conviction of sin without bringing home its sinfulness in plain language to the conscience of the misdoer. On the subject of the clauses refusing compensation to the slave-owner and of the arguments by which the refusal is supported, enough has already been said. Arthur Tappan was made president of the Association, and Garrison left Philadelphia rejoicing in the work in his hands.

## VII.

A CRITICAL step was taken by the Abolitionists when George Thompson, the British Anti-Slavery lecturer, with whom Garrison had formed a close alliance in England, was brought over to the United States to assist in the crusade. Thompson was an eloquent as well as an excellent man, and had done good service to the cause in his country. But not only was he a foreigner, he was one of a nation against which American prejudice was strong, and the prejudice of the Irish, who formed a large and most violent element of the pro-slavery democracy, stronger still. Emancipation, it is true, was the cause of mankind; it morally transcended all national boundaries; but what is morally transcended cannot always in practice be safely ignored. The intervention of a Frenchman in the British struggle for abolition would certainly have kindled the wrath of Tories and West Indian proprietors to an extraordinary degree. After the Civil War, when the victory was won, Thompson's services were acknowledged and his mission was ratified by the representatives of the American people, who bestowed

on him public honors. But when, at the call of Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Society, he came over as the representative of British abolitionism, to help the cause in America, he ran no small risk of causing an explosion which, besides its consequences to himself and his party, might, had he been killed or seriously maltreated, have set the two governments by the ears. The arrival of the British emissary and his appearance on the Anti-Slavery platform, where he did not fail to show his power, inflamed the popular wrath to fury. Nor was it the wrath of the masses only that was inflamed, but that of the wealthy, respectable, and orthodox. Advantage was taken of the reaction caused at once by the hateful intervention of the Englishman and by the violence of Garrison's language, to concert a flank movement in the shape of a convention of moderates to form an American Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race. Privately it was avowed that its object was to put down Garrison and his friends. On the afternoon of August 21, 1835, the social, political, religious, and intellectual chiefs of Boston filled that cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall, with the mayor in the chair. The resolutions arraigned the Abolitionists as agitators, who sought to excite servile insurrection and to "scatter among our Southern brethren firebrands, arrows, and death." But what galled most evidently was the presence of

"a certain notorious foreign agent, an avowed emissary sustained by foreign funds, a professed agitator upon questions deeply, profoundly political, which lay at the very foundation of our Union." Mr. Garrison, from the quiet retreat of "Friendship's Valley," the home of his wife's father, where he was reposing, sent to the *Liberator* what the chroniclers of his life justly called "unstinted comments" upon the speeches and speakers of Faneuil Hall. "Where are you, sir?"—thus he apostrophized one of the speakers—"In amicable companionship and popular repute with thieves and adulterers; with slave-holders, slave-dealers and slave-destroyers; with those who call the beings whom God created but a little lower than the angels *things* and *chattels;* with the proscribers of the great chart of eternal life; with the rancorous enemies of the friends of universal emancipation; with the disturbers of the public peace; with the robbers of the public mail; with ruffians who insult, pollute, and lacerate helpless women; and with conspirators against the lives and liberties of New England citizens." To the taunt that he dared not go to the South, where his preaching was most needed, Garrison could always retort with force. Had he not published an anti-slavery journal in Maryland, and in Baltimore, a den of the domestic slave-trade? Had he not suffered imprisonment on account of the

boldness of his denunciations? Had he not continued the publication as long as subscribers could be found? Did the friends of Polish or Greek freedom in Boston make it a point of honor to go and denounce Russian tyranny in the dominions of the Czar, or Turkish tyranny in the dominions of the Sultan? Did those who used the taunt, he might have asked, wish that he should be murdered, and that their friends at the South should be his murderers? His original intention, in the abandonment of which fear had no part, was to bring out his journal at Washington, where slavery prevailed and Southern fire-eaters abounded.

The appeals made at the Fanueil Hall meeting to the feeling against Thompson bore their fruit. The result was a riot got up, one of the organs of the party being witness, not by a rabble but by "men of property and standing," who had a large interest at stake in the community, and were determined, let the consequences be what they might, "to put a stop to the impudent, bullying conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his associates in mischief!" Thompson was expected to speak at a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. Fortunately he was not there; had he fallen into the hands of the mob, it is certain that he would have been tarred and feathered, and not unlikely that he would have been lynched. Missing their intended victim, the mob

laid hands on Garrison, put him in peril of his life, tore his clothes off his back and dragged him through the streets with a rope round his body, evidently meaning mischief, though cries arose to spare "the American," and there seems to be no reason to think that the mob intended murder. He was rescued from the fangs of his enemies by Mayor Lyman, who saw no other way of placing him in safety than committing him to prison, to which he was accordingly consigned, the crowd surging fiercely round the carriage as he went. It is due to the mayor to say that, though he did not do all that ought to have been done, he seems to have done the best he could. In the prison, much torn and battered, Garrison spent the night. On the wall of his cell he wrote: "William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, October 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a 'respectable and influential' mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. 'Hail, Columbia!' Cheers for the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey! Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotic land be loosed from his fetters." Thompson happily got safe out of the country. To some of those who denounced him in Faneuil Hall, he might have

replied that he came to America by the same right by which they sent an emissary of the Colonization Society to England.

Cool critics say that the sufferings and perils undergone by the Abolitionists have been overstated, as those of martyrs after their canonization are apt to be. That the Abolitionists had to run the social gantlet cannot be denied. But they were also mobbed in many places. At New York, Lewis Tappan's home was sacked, and violence reigned till it excited the alarm of the wealthy men at whose beck it had broken loose. Thompson had stones and brickbats flung at him, and was, as we have seen, in peril of his life. An Anti-Slavery hall at Philadelphia was burned down close to the spot on which the Declaration of Independence had been signed. We have seen what befell Miss Crandall. The office of Birney's paper was destroyed by a mob at Cincinnati. At Nashville, Tenn., Amos Dresser, a divinity student, was publicly flogged and expelled from the city for having anti-slavery publications in his trunk. Another Abolitionist was tarred and feathered, and subjected to exposure which shortened his days. At Alton, in Illinois, Elijah Lovejoy lost his life in defending himself and a party of his friends against the ruffians by whom they were besieged. Pro-slavery justices of the peace dealt with Abolitionists as vagabonds, and Emerson had reason for saying

that there was a mob judiciary as well as a mob legislative. This was Andrew Jackson's hour, and the spirit of violence and tyranny was abroad. In the South, men suspected of abolitionism were lynched, Vigilance Committees were formed, and fanatical journals gave vent to threats of abduction and assassination which, though no attempt was ever made, or was ever very likely to be made, to carry them into effect, might well disturb a Northern Abolitionist's sleep. At Charleston the Abolitionist matter was taken out of the mails and burned before a great concourse of citizens in the public square, Garrison and two of his coadjutors being burned in effigy at the same time; while the Jacksonian Postmaster-General, Kendall, told the Charleston postmaster that though he could not approve he would not condemn his conduct. The Abolitionists did not brave what the first Christians braved, but they did brave a good deal.

Thompson, as the foreigner who had dared to interfere in this matter, figured in a message of President Jackson to Congress, recommending the prohibition, under severe penalties, of the circulation through the mails of incendiary publications intended to instigate the slaves to insurrection. It is needless to repeat that no such intention existed, nor was insurrection likely to be instigated by the hope which the publications bore with them of peaceable

redemption. Turner and the slaves who rose with him at Southampton against the cruelty of their masters, we may be sure, had not been reading Garrisonian publications. This, like the struggle to prevent the presentation of petitions against slavery in Congress, and the threats of putting the common law in motion against the Abolitionists, was an attempt to gag freedom of opinion. Whether opinion should be free thenceforth, then became a momentous though collateral issue, and to the advantage of the Garrisonians; for the Northern people, let it be said once more, were still loyal at heart in their allegiance to a principle which is the greatest and clearest gain of our modern civilization.

## VIII.

Being now (1838) leader as well as editor, and by help of the society partly released from the shackles of editorship, Garrison went forth as a travelling missionary and took the platform. He had not the physical powers of a great platform speaker, but he seems to have been always impressive, and if the specimens of his oratory which we have before us were delivered without notes, he had the mental gifts of the orator in liberal measure. By Sumner, at a later period, his speaking was compared to a rain of fire; and by Lowell, a better judge of taste than Sumner, it was highly praised. He seems also to have had perfect self-possession on the platform, even amid the most furious storms, though his temperament was nervous, and he sat paralyzed in a carriage while a restive horse was backing him to destruction. His experiences in his tours were of course varied. In one place he was received with sympathy, in another with howls, and perhaps with rotten eggs. But he is always cheery, even when he has to contend with sickness as well as with a froward generation, and you see that he heartily enjoys scenery and incident as he goes along.

Between the efforts of Thompson and Garrison, with the aid of such backers as Oliver Johnson and Samuel J. May, the movement bore fruit apace. Thirteen hundred anti-slavery societies were presently spread over the Northern States. Important recruits came into the Abolition camp. Among them was the able, excellent, and very wealthy Gerrit Smith, whose accession was the more creditable to him because Garrison, with inflexible severity, censured his course in the very article of conversion. Among them also were James Russell Lowell and Edward Quincy. But the most notable was Wendell Phillips, whose witness was the more striking because he was a scion of Bostonian wealth and aristocracy, while his eloquence, a unique combination of vehemence and fervor with grace, polish, and persuasiveness, would have made the fortune of any cause. The orator in him was revealed at an indignation meeting called at Fanueil Hall to denounce the killing of Lovejoy, the Abolitionist, at Alton. Attorney-General Austin, a pro-slavery man, there excused the Alton riot by the example of the Boston tea riot, upon which Wendell Phillips sprang to his feet and retorted: "Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Mount Benedict [the scene of an anti-Catholic outrage] and Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with

Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips [pointing to the portraits in the hall] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American— the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up!" There were points, however, in the character of this highly-gifted man which made his accession in the end not unalloyed gain to the cause. Ellis Gray Loring, a lawyer of mark, bearer of a name afterward honorably known to patriots in connection with the Civil War, had enlisted from the beginning.

Boston, her plutocracy strangely allied with her mob, remained flint-hearted. Not a church or hall for an anti-slavery meeting could be had there, and after nineteen rebuffs the society had to meet over a stable. But the State had begun to be of a different mind from the city, and an application to the legislature for the use of the Hall of Representatives was granted without debate, though not without a nearly successful attempt to revoke the concession.

There was plenty of work for the moral force which had thus been generated to do. There was

no danger of its energy being wasted, as the energy of such movements sometimes is, for want of a resisting medium, like gunpowder exploded in the open air; for the South was thoroughly roused and was acting on the offensive, seeing that in acting on the offensive lay her only chance of safety. Nor was it to mere safety that she now aspired, but to extension and dominion. The Garrisonians were called upon to combat legislative movements, directed by the South and her henchmen in the North against freedom of speech; to vindicate in the courts the right of slaves brought North to their liberty, and of fugitives claimed as slaves to the ordinary safeguards on their trial; to ply Congress with petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; to oppose the admission of new Slave States into the union, and the efforts of Southern filibusters to wrest Texas from Mexico and annex her to the realm of slavery. And the treatment of the colored seamen in Southern ports, the tampering with the mails, and the offer of Southern legislatures of rewards for the apprehension of Garrison, which looked so like setting a price upon his head. Governor Everett, always zealous in the cause of Slavery, proposed to put the common law in force against the Abolitionists, and the Garrisonians were heard before a Committee of the Legislature in bar of such a proceeding.

Garrison, however, while he saw with pleasure the influence which the growing strength of the Abolitionist vote was beginning to exercise on politicians, steadfastly refused to give his movement the form of a political party. There his moral insight and his personal disinterestedness stood him and his cause in good stead. He said that if Abolitionism once made a political party, it must be like other political parties. It must in the first place, like them, have its machinery, costly as well as evil. Then it would lose its character for disinterestedness: unprincipled aspirants would swarm to it, making flaming Anti-Slavery pretensions but seeking loaves and fishes. Its principles would become a marketable commodity. Its leaders, instead of being champions of righteousness and preachers of national repentance, would thenceforth be candidates for the Presidency or for Cabinet offices and the patronage connected with them. Other issues would for the sake of votes be mingled with Abolition, and would very likely choke it. In a purely moral cause one might put to flight a thousand; but the success or defeat of a political party was a mere question of numbers. In this Garrison differed from Birney. The name of Birney is written in light as a champion of Emancipation. Originally a slave-owner, he emancipated his slaves. He then devoted his own life to the advocacy of emancipation, facing

some violence and a great deal of hatred and slander, which to a man in his social position would be not less hard to endure than violence itself. Not unnaturally, though it is conceived wrongly, he came to the conclusion that to bring his force directly to bear on national politics was the best way of accomplishing his object, and that this, under a system of party government, could only be done by organizing a party. He accordingly joined in organizing the Liberty party, and was twice nominated by it for the Presidency—in 1840, and again in 1844, against Polk, a thorough-going upholder of Slavery, and Clay, the man of compromise. His character is the guarantee that no personal ambition mingled with his motives for accepting the nomination. The result, however, confirmed Garrison's judgment. Birney polled just enough votes to defeat Clay and throw the government directly into the hands of Slavery. This was no gain, though many tears were wasted over the defeat of Clay, who had no moral hatred of slavery, and was ready to compromise with it on almost any terms rather than risk the dissolution of the Union. Chance of success for Birney's party there had never been, and it is seldom that a cause can be served by rushing upon assured defeat, while the bitter estrangement of all Clay's supporters was the necessary penalty of an attempt which had deprived their idol of the

election. The experiment is instructive to all reformers who are tempted to organize a new party. Even success would be disastrous, inasmuch as it would entail the necessity of a number of appointments for which there would not be fit men, would call forth a swarm of office-seekers, and would burden the particular reform with a multitude of questions entirely foreign to it and pertaining to the general policy of the State.

"Whereas the American Church"—so ran a motion brought forward at an Anti-Slavery convention by Mr. Garrison—"with the exception of some of its smaller branches, has given its undisguised sanction and support to the system of American Slavery, in the following among other ways, (1) by profound silence on the sin of slave-holding, (2) by tolerating slave-bidding, slave-trading and slave-holding in its ministers and members, (3) by receiving the avails of the traffic in slaves and the souls of men into the treasuries of its different benevolent institutions, and (4) by its indifference and opposition to the Anti-Slavery enterprise—therefore be it resolved, that the Church ought not to be regarded and treated as the Church of Christ, but as the foe of freedom, humanity, and pure religion, so long as it occupies its present position." This is a severe indictment, concluding with a severe sentence. Its averments have been contested, but seem on the whole to have been

made good. Gerrit Smith, a moderate man, spoke not less decidedly, though less vehemently, than Garrison on the subject. Channing, with all his desire to preserve charity and avoid extremes, could not defend the conduct of the churches. Their unchristian refusal to treat the negro as a Christian brother and fellow-worshipper cannot possibly be denied. In the cases of the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal churches, this behavior can hardly be ascribed to cowardice, since it is more than doubtful whether either of them was at heart opposed to slavery. The Roman Catholic Church, it is believed, never put forth her power against slavery in Cuba, where it prevailed in its worst form, or even did much for the spiritual elevation of the slave; nor more did she in Brazil and in the South American republics, when slavery existed there and she had everything her own way. The Roman Catholic Bishop Hughes took up his pen in defence of the institution. Moreover, the rank and file of the Roman Catholic Church were Irish, the bitter haters and contemners of the negro. Of the loyalty of the whole Episcopal Church to slavery, Calhoun could speak with confidence, and he seems not to have been far wrong. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, was at a later day one of the few decided opponents of slavery among the leaders of a Church which, socially as well as ecclesiastically conservative, was the asylum of Cop-

perheads during the Civil War. In England Episcopalians of the Evangelical section, such as Wilberforce, had played a leading part in Abolition; but the High Church section, which was also Tory, had been for the most part actively or passively on the other side. Richard Hurrell Froude, a good representative of High Church feeling, in part of his diary relating to the West Indies, speaks of "the nigger" and of "Anti-Slavery cant" with a Virginian air. But the Protestant Churches, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, must be held to have been sinning against light. They practically admitted it themselves when, the South having seceded, and the social pressure under which they had bowed their heads to Baal having been removed, they passed at once to the Anti-Slavery and Unionist side. That they were maintaining a general code of Christian morality which, when the social thraldom was at an end, would extend its influence to the subject of slavery is true, but is hardly an answer to the charge of apostasy on the great moral question of the day; nor were ministers likely to produce much effect by dilating on the sins of the Canaanites or the Pharisees when it was plain, as it must have been even to the slave-traders of their congregations, that with regard to the most flagrant sin of their own generation they dared not speak the truth. The fear of a rupture with their

Southern branches, which were hopelessly bound up with slavery, furnishes perhaps a sounder excuse for the conduct of the Northern Churches, though it is difficult to understand how any Christian society can have highly valued its connection with clergymen who promiscuously advertised for sale horses, wagons, cattle, and African Christians. The Methodist Church, it might be supposed, would be the least plutocratic, and we seem to sound the depths of the fall when we learn that the Methodist General Conference at Cincinnati repelled with contumely a mild reprobation of slavery transmitted by the Wesleyan Methodists of England, and that thirty Methodist ministers went to compliment Webster after the speech which numbered him with the apostates. The refusal of the Quakers, the great philanthropic sect, to help the slave was perhaps even more disappointing, but the Quakers were a commercial as well as a philanthropic body. Churches as well as the spiritual man have their foundations in the dust. They depend on the purses of the congregation, and they have trustees as well as ministers. Sometimes in the course of Garrison's history we see the minister willing to allow the *Liberator* the use of a church, but forbidden by the trustees. The Primitive Christians, a society consisting of poor men, having all things in common and out of the pale of respectability, might set at defiance the so-

cial sentiment of their age. But the American Churches were segments of American society, which, allowing the highest assignable influence to the pew, could hardly be expected to be actuated in its segments by motives very different from those by which it was actuated in the mass.

The Bible sanctioned slavery. This could not be denied. Nor on that issue could Archbishop Hughes, who maintained the affirmative, fail to score a point. The true answer with which the Abolitionists, not being historical critics, were hardly prepared, was that the Bible, though it sanctioned slavery, did not sanction American slavery. What it sanctioned, or at least recognized, was primeval slavery, which, like other features of primeval society, extended to the Hebrew polity as well as to the polities of other races. The slave code of the Pentateuch is remarkable, compared with the other slave codes of antiquity, not for its stringency, but for its mildness and the tendency which it shows to limit the power of the master over the slave; so much so, that it might almost have been deemed by the Abolitionists the work of their precursors in Pentateuchic days. The New Testament recognized slavery in the same manner as it recognized all the political and social institutions of the day, the mission of Christianity not being revolution, but the changes in the heart from which all other beneficial changes in the end

would flow. The proclamation of the universal fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was morally the death-knell of slavery. Paul sent back Onesimus to Philemon; but it was with the injunction to receive him as a brother beloved and as Paul himself. Abolitionists might have been willing to let the Southern slave-owner have back his runaways on those terms.

Only the irrational Bibliolator, therefore, could imagine that American slavery had the Bible on its side. But irrational Bibliolatry still prevailed. In the South, where it was seconded by interest, it had complete possession of the popular conscience. "Stonewall" Jackson appears to have been a very religious man, fighting as he thought in defence of a divine ordinance, and at the same time in fulfilment of the prophecy that Ham should be a servant in the tents of his brethren. One of Cromwell's soldiers would probably have done the same. He would have kept the negro in bondage as he would have smitten any one whom he identified with the Canaanite, and hewed any one whom he identified with Agag in pieces before the Lord. Belief in the unqualified inspiration of the Old Testament and the permanency of its precepts has more than once made wild work with morality.

## IX.

Garrison had been a more than orthodox Baptist and a regular church-goer. He had looked to the churches as the appointed instruments for bringing the nation to a right mind. Bitter was his disappointment. He never did anything by halves. He not only withdrew his confidence from the churches, but violently broke with them and denounced them without measure. They were "cages of unclean birds and synagogues of Satan." As to the clergy, Christianity indignantly rejected their sanctimonious pretensions; they were hirelings and blind leaders of the blind, dumb dogs and spiritual popes; they loved the fleece better than the flock, and were mighty hindrances to the march of human freedom and the enfranchisement of the souls of men. Even Channing was treated with scant respect, though he wrote nobly against slavery, and went so far with Garrison as to say that it was better that the Union should be dissolved than that Texas should be received into it as a Slave State, while his greatness as a moral teacher could not be denied, and his hesitation (when he did hesitate)

was evidently sincere. Channing apparently disliked organized agitation, preferring to rely on individual conviction. It has been truly said that men differ as much in their spiritual as in their physical physiognomies, and the spiritual physiognomy of Channing was freedom.

Not only did Garrison shake the dust off his feet against the churches, but he was led greatly to change his views as to the authority of the Bible, to which the churches appealed with apparent force as a warrant for connivance at slavery. The historical view of the question had not presented itself to his mind, and to him it was inconceivable that God should have sanctioned or permitted at one stage in the education of the race what was evil at another stage. A religious man—an intensely religious man—he continued to be. He continued also to love the Bible and to make a constant use of its language in enforcing moral truth. In this no Puritan could exceed him. But he bade farewell to tradition, to authority, to inspiration. Here let him speak for himself, as he speaks well:

"Of the millions who profess to believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God, how few there are who have had the wish or the courage to know on what ground they have formed their opinion! They have been taught that to allow a doubt to arise in their minds on this point would be sacrilegious and to put in peril their salvation. They must believe in the plenary inspiration of the 'sacred volume' or they are 'infidels' who will justly deserve to be 'cast into the lake of fire and brimstone.'

Imposture may always be suspected when reason is commanded to abdicate the throne; when investigation is made a criminal act; when the bodies or spirits of men are threatened with pains and penalties if they do not subscribe to the popular belief; when appeals are made to human credulity, and not to the understanding.

"Now, nothing can be more consonant to reason than that the more valuable a thing is the more it will bear to be examined. If the Bible be, from Genesis to Revelation, divinely inspired, its warmest partisans need not be concerned as to its fate. It is to be examined with the same freedom as any other book, and taken precisely for what it is worth. It must stand or fall on its own inherent qualities, like any other volume. To know what it teaches, men must not stultify themselves, nor be made irrational by a blind homage. Their reason must be absolute in judgment and act freely, or they cannot know the truth. They are not to object to what is simply incomprehensible—because no man can comprehend how it is that the sun gives light or the acorn produces the oak; but what is clearly monstrous or absurd or impossible cannot be endorsed by reason, and can never properly be made a test of religious faith or an evidence of moral character.

"To say that everything contained within the lids of the Bible is divinely inspired, and to insist upon the dogma as fundamentally important, is to give utterance to a bold fiction and to require the suspension of the reasoning faculties. To say that everything in the Bible is to be believed simply because it is found in that volume is equally absurd and pernicious. It is the province of reason to 'search the Scriptures' and determine what in them is true and what false—what is probable and what incredible—what is compatible with the happiness of mankind, and what ought to be rejected as an example or rule of action—what is the letter that killeth, and what the spirit that maketh alive. When the various books of the Bible were written, or by whom they were written, no man living can tell. This is purely a matter of conjecture; and as conjecture is not certainty, it ceases to be authoritative. Nor is it of vast consequence, in the eye of reason, whether they to whom the Bible is ascribed wrote it or not; whether Paul was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, or any other Epistle which is attributed to him; whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or Joshua the history of his own exploits, or David the Psalms, or Solomon the Prov-

erbs; or whether the real authors were some unknown persons. 'What is writ is writ,' and it must stand or fall by the test of just criticism, by its reasonableness and utility, by the probabilities of the case, by historical confirmation, by human experience and observation, by the facts of science, by the intuition of the spirit. Truth is older than any parchment, and would still exist though a universal conflagration should consume all the books in the world. To discard a portion of Scripture is not necessarily to reject the truth, but may be the highest evidence that one can give of his love of truth."

Thus, in the eyes of the orthodox, Garrison became an "infidel," and was thenceforth branded by that name. Heterodox he certainly did become, though it must be repeated he remained intensely religious, and to compare him to the Jacobins was absurd. The Bible henceforth to him, though an infinitely precious, was not an inspired, book; the House of God was "nothing but mere ordinary brick and mortar," the Sabbath was like other days, and the office of a clergyman was "one which it was scarcely possible for any man to fill without loss of independence or spiritual detriment." "The infidelity of the Anti-Slavery movement," said Garrison's sworn brother-in-arms, Samuel May, Jr., "consists in this simple thing, that it has outstripped the churches of the land in the practical application of Christianity to the wants, wrongs and oppressions of our own age and our own country." This, it is true, was the original cause, but it was not the limit of the separation. Garrison had also been a strict Sabbatarian, but, with other ecclesias-

tical ordinances, he renounced the Sabbath. The churches had denounced the holding of Abolitionist meetings on that day.

Another novelty which Garrison embraced was Woman's Rights. He had found woman very helpful to him in Anti-Slavery work. Nor could anything be more reasonable than that women should take an active part in a great movement of social reform, and one which in certain aspects specially touched the interests and appealed to the hearts of their sex. This they might do in what all the world would allow to be a womanly way, as women in a womanly way had played an illustrious part in the foundation of Christianity. But it was a wide step from this to the convention, and a wider step to the platform. When Garrison's female helpmates, Abby Kelley and the Grimkés, took those steps they shocked a sentiment which was deeply rooted, and which they could not expect to be changed in a day. It might also be naturally felt that, while mob violence was abroad, it was not delicate or even quite manly to expose women to the chances of such a fray. Garrison as usual went to the extreme length of his opinion, and asserted not only the right of women to take the moral and social platform, but the political equality of the sexes—a doctrine for which the world was very far from being prepared then, even if it is prepared now. The Grimké sisters,

Lucretia Mott, and Abby Kelley, appear by their success as speakers to have justified Garrison's faith in the charms of female eloquence. Yet few will contend that the products of the female platform have been so entirely lovely as to stamp all gainsayers with bigotry. A philanthropic but insane woman possessed with some fantastic notion of liberty was in the habit of talking at Anti-Slavery meetings in defiance of the authority of the Chair. The Chair having on one occasion ordered her at last to be removed, she was borne out by Wendell Phillips and two others, male members of the convention. "I am better off," she cried, "than my Lord: he had only one ass to ride upon, I have three." Garrison had a keen sense of humor. We may be sure that he smiled at such incidents, but his earnest soul was not disturbed. This eccentric woman was not the only grotesque figure that sometimes intruded on his meetings.

So far, however, Garrison was within the bounds of tenable, if not of indisputable, opinion. Unfortunately he did not stop there. It was an age of eccentricities, utopias, and chimeras, religious, social, and political. The old beliefs were giving way. The narrowness of the churches and the meanness of their attitude on this very question of morality drove forth the free and aspiring into the wilderness. This was the day of Owen's socialist com-

munities, of Brook Farm, of Thoreau's hermitage. Every man of intellect, as Emerson said, had the scheme of an ideal society in his pocket. Garrison's heart and mind were open, or, to use the phrase of one of his circle, hospitable to all schemes that seemed to promise increased happiness to mankind. Nor were the approaches to his faith much guarded. Through life he was addicted to patent medicines and other quackeries. He gave himself not only to novelties such as phrenology, homœopathy, and hydropathy, but to clairvoyants, who diagnosed his maladies through the backs of their heads, and whose diagnosis he trusted when it agreed with his own. Phrenologists pronounced his bump of ideality large; and he said that he should like to take up his abode in the country, that he might live in the ideal, if there was not so much in the world to be put right. Garrison even fell for a time under the spiritual influence of John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the Oneida community, and a man of the same stamp as Harris, the founder of the Erie community, who obtained a strange ascendancy over Laurence Oliphant. Noyes taught the doctrine of Perfectionism, believing that sinlessness was attainable in this world and had by himself been attained. He also renounced all allegiance to temporal governments, including that of the United States, regarding them as creations of human wickedness,

and asserting the title of Jesus Christ to the throne of the world. His practical attitude, however, toward governments was not that of rebellion, but of Non-Resistance. Noyes was no doubt able and imposing, and he made a deep impression on Garrison. Perfectionism, in the strict spiritual sense of the term, appears to have been in Garrison's case a passing phase; to his biographers, at least, the discovery that he had been a Perfectionist and a disciple of Noyes was new. But Non-Resistance, or, as opponents called it, No-Government, took a stronger hold. It took a hold so strong that Garrison even renounced active citizenship and made himself, as it were, a political eunuch for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. His language implies that the constable and sheriff, the judge and law-giver, were to be swept away; that to talk of punishing the evil and protecting the weak by courts of justice is at variance with Christianity; and that we cannot, if we are true to our religion, sue any man at law, to compel him by force to restore anything which he may have wrongly taken from us or others, but if he has seized our coat, we ought to surrender up our cloak, rather than subject the man to punishment. "As to the governments of this world," he says, "whatever their titles or forms, we shall endeavor to prove that, in their essential elements, as at present administered, they are all anti-Christ;

that they can never by human wisdom be brought into conformity with the will of God; that they cannot be maintained except by naval and military power; that all their penal enactments, being a dead letter without an army to carry them into effect, are virtually written in human blood; and that the followers of Jesus should instinctively shun their stations of honor, power, and emolument—at the same time 'submitting to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake,' and offering no physical resistance to any of their mandates, however unjust or tyrannical." On resuming the *Liberator* as his own organ, he began to introduce in it his Perfectionism and Non-Resistance, to the natural dismay of such of his friends as were singly devoted to Abolition. In vain did they press upon him that his doctrines, carried out to their logical extreme, would dissolve the family and society, prevent a father from restraining his children, and forbid the Liberator himself, when he was attacked by a mob, to accept the protection of the police. In vain was it argued that the abolition of Slavery itself, if it was to be effected by legislation, would involve the action of an earthly government. To Non-Resistance he clung with all the tenacity of his character, and placed in jeopardy his great mission to organize a movement for the dissemination of the doctrine. A natural revulsion followed, even among the friends of the

Anti-Slavery cause in England, to some of whom Garrison's name became a terror. In reviewing such an episode, we must bear in mind that the wisdom of this world is not the note of a moral crusader. The temperament of a Savanarola or a Garrison is pretty sure to be such as will expose him to delusion. Savanarola's temperament exposed him to hallucination. Garrison's fancies about Non-Resistance and No-Government led him rather into logical than into practical aberrations. He was constrained to condemn the Abolitionist Lovejoy for defending himself against the Pro-slavery mob by which he was slain. He had to parry the charge of theoretical anarchy by protesting that he was no anarch, since he believed in the Government of God. But he did nothing anarchic or insane; he practised the passive obedience which, as we have seen, he preached; and he went straight on his path as a crusader against slavery. He had a sort of saving clause in his No-Government creed, since he held that human governments "are the results of human disobedience to the requirements of heaven and they are better than anarchy; just as a hail-storm is preferable to an earthquake, or the small-pox to the Asiatic cholera." He could quietly bear the hail-storm and put up with the small-pox. The moral force which he had created and which he sustained continued to act on the voters, though he

henceforth himself refused to vote. Noyes' slippery theories about the relations of the sexes, oscillating between chimerical asceticism and license, could take no hold on the mind of an excellent husband and father, though calumny did not fail to connect them with Garrison's name.*

Criticism will be kind to a man who, in the midst of so much that was dishonest, sordid, and time-serving, was doing his best with a single heart in every way for righteousness and for the good of mankind, strange as some of his eccentricities may have been. Non-Resistance and No-Government had the good effect of keeping its professor clearer than ever of political party. John Stuart Mill afterward, in a eulogy on Garrison, dwelt on the happy tendency of a great reform to draw with it other great reforms, evidently having in his mind what to him would appear the happy association of Anti-Slavery with Woman's Rights. Nor is even a moral crusader bound to be a man of one idea. Yet such a galaxy of heresies was sure not only to make or embitter enemies, but to disconcert and estrange friends. The first consequence was an appeal from the clergy against Garrison's opinions, his rebellious attitude toward their order, and his encouragement of fe-

* It may be well here to remind the reader that Garrison's sons are in no way responsible for the opinions of the writer, though they have allowed him to use their work as an authentic repertory of facts.

male propagandists, whose action not only jarred with their notions of female propriety but encroached on their ministerial domain. This bombshell, thrown from without, burst without doing much harm, though a desperate quarrel with a set of men very powerful and in their hearts probably inclined to the right, if their church trustees would have left them free, could do the cause no good. Far more serious was dissension in the Garrisonian camp itself, which, by the withdrawal of support, put the *Liberator* in peril of its life, and afterward brought on open and irreconcilable schism, first in the Massachusetts society and then in the parent society at New York. It would surely be unjust to tax all Garrison's opponents on this occasion with clerical fanaticism or personal jealousy, and to brand all their proceedings as conspiracy and cabal. The names of Arthur Tappan, Garrison's first and most generous protector, of his brother Lewis, of Gerrit Smith, who was partly at least with the dissidents, and of John G. Whittier, are an answer to sweeping imputations. These men had good reason for desiring that Abolitionism should not be compromised by association with No-Government, Non-Resistance, anti-Sabbatarianism, opposition to capital punishment, theological heterodoxy, and the political equality of the sexes. Garrison had a right to his own opinions on all subjects, and he had a right to give

them free expression in the *Liberator* when that journal was entirely his own and not the official organ of the party. But the question of his personal right was one thing, that of his eligibility as a leader and of his journal's eligibility as a mouthpiece were another; and on the second point there might well be sincere misgiving. Wilberforce would assuredly have forfeited the leadership of British Abolitionism if he had taken to preaching the doctrines of Humphrey Noyes, throwing down the gauntlet of defiance to all the clergy, tilting against the Sabbath, and agitating in favor of Female Suffrage. Elizur Wright, whose arguments Garrison's sons, keeping the noble tradition of their father's candor, have faithfully set before us, put the case most forcibly and at the same time in the most friendly way. He and those who thought like him were entitled to respectful attention. To the charge of making the movement sectarian, they might have retorted that sects, and very narrow sects, may be founded on denial and destruction as well as on positive doctrines or institutions, and that the Garrisonians were giving Abolitionism the character before the world of an anti-Biblical, anti-Clerical, anti-Governmental, anti-Sabbatarian and Female-Suffragist sect. On the other hand, there was much to be said for the policy of winking hard at Garrison's errors, retaining him as leader, and trying to keep

him in the straight path. His singleness of aim, purity, disinterestedness, were beyond suspicion: in devotion to the cause and in the sacrifices which he had made for it he surpassed all its other champions, and it was thoroughly identified with his name. Garibaldi was liable to serious aberrations, but as his aberrations were of the head, not of the heart, and he was the soul and cynosure of the movement, the friends of Italian independence deemed it best to keep him as their leader, steadying his course by their healthy counsels as well as they could. Garrison's enemies—and enemies he no doubt had—accused him of arrogant assumption and of bearing himself as if he were the cause incarnate. It is very difficult for a man to lead without making it felt that he is the leader and thereby giving umbrage to touchy and jealous natures. But Miss Martineau bears witness to Garrison's remarkable freedom from arrogance, and even to the humility of his manner. In his home, she says, no one would have suspected that he was the great man. He certainly never played the Moses or the Mahomet. At all events, it would have been well to bear with much, rather than incur a fatal schism. "Contest for Leadership" is a sinister phrase to appear in the history of a moral crusade, and a sound full of comfort to the enemy. The contest in this case, however, was not between Garrison and

a rival, but between one policy or principle and another.

So far as Garrison was contending against the conversion of Abolition from a moral movement into a third political party, putting forward candidates for the Presidency and the offices of State, we must pronounce him to have been still acting in the right, and to have received from subsequent experience the strongest confirmation of his views. So far as he insisted on the doctrine of political effacement and the renunciation by citizens of a citizen's right and duty, and so far as he insisted on mixing up Abolition, ostensibly or practically, with No-Government, Non-Resistance, anti-Sabbatarianism, anti-Clericalism or Woman's Rights, most people will hold that he was in the wrong, and that his opponents, if they were not actuated by personal feelings or by clique, had right upon their side.

What was the exact question on which the two parties at last joined issue it is not easy to discern. In the Massachusetts society, which was the scene of their first encounter, the issue seems to have been that between "No-Government" and political duty. In the debate Garrison was hard pressed. He was called upon again and again to say definitely whether voting was sinful, and the only answer which he would give for it was that "it was sinful for him." How could he think a thing sin-

ful for himself and not sinful for other people, the moral circumstances of all, in respect of the matter in question, being identically the same? In the Massachusetts society the Garrisonians gained an easy victory. But the final battle was fought in a convention of the parent society at New York. To that Armageddon the Garrisonians of Massachusetts went in a steamer chartered for the purpose, buoyant from their recent triumph. Their buoyancy perhaps was rather too great, considering that they were going to fight old friends. "There never," wrote Garrison, "has been such a mass of 'ultraism' afloat, in one boat, since the first victim was stolen from the fire-smitten and blood-red soil of Africa. There were persons of all ages, complexions, and conditions, from our time-honored and veteran friend Seth Sprague, through ripened manhood down to rosy youth. They were, indeed, the moral and religious *élite* of New England Abolitionism, who have buckled on the anti-slavery armor to wear to the end of the conflict, or to the close of life. It was truly a great and joyful meeting, united together by a common bond, and partaking of the one spirit of humanity. Such greetings and shaking of hands! such interchanges of thoughts and opinions! such zeal and disinterestedness and faith! Verily it was good to be there!" The other party mustered all its forces. The issue on this occasion

was the Woman Question. Miss Abby Kelley was nominated by the Woman's Rights party as a member of the business committee, and her election was carried by a majority of about a hundred out of a vote of 1,008. Thus Garrison was victorious and retained the leadership. But the other party seceded, and the breach never was healed. It was a disastrous and discreditable episode in the history of a moral crusade.

## X.

CONFIRMED in his leadership, Garrison appeared as the representative of American Abolitionism at the World's Convention in London (1840). He took with him among his colleagues in the delegation Lucretia Mott and other women, and he insisted on their admission to the Convention. Here he had to encounter a prejudice against the appearance of women on the platform, or as active participants in public meetings, still stronger than that against which he had contended in his own country. In those days even a man of social position and refinement in England was disposed to shrink from the platform unless he was in public life, and the appearance of his wife and daughter there would have been shocking to him in the highest degree. Nor could it be denied that this feeling was intimately related to the domestic character of the race and the strength of its family institutions. It was true that this was a World's Convention, and that a merely local sentiment had no right to be heard. But this was not merely a local sentiment; it was almost a universal sentiment, though it was pecul-

iarly strong in the country in which the Convention met. The object of that Convention was not to reform the relations between the sexes and assert the right of women to mount platforms, but to set free the slave. Garrison had brought the women over. In refusing to sit in the Convention without them and seceding to the gallery he did right. But the women, if they cared more for the cause than for their own claims, would have done well in putting an end to the dilemma by peremptory withdrawal.

In other respects the Convention went off well. Splendid entertainments were given, one by Mrs. Opie, and another by the great Quaker banker, Samuel Gurney, who sent seven barouches to convey the delegates to his suburban seat. "A great sensation did we produce as we paraded through the streets of London." The Duchess of Sutherland came in all her splendor. Haydon made a picture of the Convention, and the Duchess bespoke a copy of Garrison's likeness. O'Connell contributed some eloquence, which it is needless to say was "blistering." Not less blistering was Garrison's language in a letter to the Quaker, Pease, in which, denouncing slave-owners, and American slave-owners above all, as unequalled among oppressors "in ferociousness of spirit, moral turpitude of character, and desperate depravity of heart," he declared that he considered their conversion "by appeals to their under-

standings, consciences, and hearts about as hopeless as any attempt to transform wolves and hyenas into lambs and doves by the same process." To read such invective without a shudder one must bear in mind that at this time negroes in the South were being burned alive at a slow fire.

One of Garrison's companions on this mission was C. L. Remond, a colored man. In the American ship Remond was compelled to go in the steerage, and had to undergo the indignities of niggerhood. In England he accompanied his white friends everywhere, sat down to table with dukes and duchesses, and was received with favor in every circle. Garrison moralizes on the difference between the conduct of democracy and that of aristocracy; but it is always to be borne in mind that in England the negro had never been branded with slavery.

The reception of Garrison on his return seems to show the progress that his movement had been making. "Although," he says, "we took the 'Bostonians' by surprise, they nevertheless rushed to the wharves by thousands, and gave the *Acadia* a grand reception. It was one of the most thrilling scenes I ever witnessed; and as it was the termination of my voyage, I could not help weeping like a child for joy. Never did home before look so lovely. On landing, we were warmly received by a deputation

of our white and colored anti-slavery friends, from whom I received the pleasing intelligence that my dear wife and children were all well. These I soon embraced in my arms, gratefully returning thanks to God for all his kindness manifested to us during our separation. I need not attempt to describe the scene." The heart of Boston herself was apparently beginning to change. A nobler spirit seems to have been aroused by such outrages on law as the killing of Lovejoy and by the aggressions on the freedom of opinion.

The schism could not fail to weaken the movement. It was immediately followed by the collapse of a number of local associations. Happily the conscience of the nation had already been effectually stirred, and, as Garrison said, "the mighty reaction was felt, and abolition was going forward with wind and tide." Societies—so the chronicle of his life tells us—were still increasing in number, even Connecticut at last wheeling into line, while its legislature repealed the law aimed against Prudence Crandall's school, secured fugitive slaves the right to trial by jury, and joined in the Northern protest against the admission of new Slave States, and assertion of the right and duty of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Notwithstanding hard times, money had been found for the maintenance of a host of travelling lecturers and for the myriad

publications of the American society. Political conventions began to adopt anti-slavery resolutions. The clergy attended in increased numbers anti-slavery meetings. In the Methodist Church especially there was a spread of anti-slavery sentiment which reactionary bishops found it difficult to keep down. Six out of twenty-eight Methodist Conferences and a thousand itinerant clergymen of the Methodist Church had declared for the cause. Five sixths of the ministers of Franklin County, Massachusetts, and a clerical convention at Worcester, pronounced against slavery and in favor of immediate abolition. Petitioning Congress for abolition, against extension of the area of slavery, and in support of the right of petitioning itself, went on. In despite of all errors or extravagances on the part of the preacher, the national conscience had been pricked and the call to repentance had been heard.

Garrison continued to exercise his poetic powers, which, as has already been said, were not mean. Perhaps the best description and vindication of his general position are to be found in the two sonnets which he wrote about this time, and which are also fair specimens of his gift. One of the sonnets is an invocation to Liberty; the other was written on completing his thirty-fifth year:

I.

They tell me, LIBERTY! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame.
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT NOR A SLAVE:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image! for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none can violate;
And, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He yet shall save.

II.

If to the age of threescore years and ten,
God of my life! thou shalt my term prolong,
Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
Whether, in Freedom's cause, my voice or pen
Be used by Thee, who art my boast and song,
To vindicate the weak against the strong,
Upon my labors rest Thy benison!
O! not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
Or her descendants; but for all who sigh
In servile chains, whate'er their caste or creed:
They not in vain to Heaven send up their cry;
For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,
And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.

On his return to America we find him at the Chardon Street Chapel Convention, the object of which was to call a meeting for the discussion of the Sabbath and for an inquiry into the origin, nature, and authority of the ministry and the church

as now existing. Among those present were some men of mark, such as James Russell Lowell, Theodore Parker, R. W. Emerson, and W. E. Channing. The anti-slavery movement may be regarded as a segment of a great moral movement of which, as well as of the theological liberalism of his day, Theodore Parker was perhaps the foremost apostle, unless Emerson deserves that palm. The Chardon Street Convention came to nothing, but the discussion which arose out of it gave Garrison an opportunity of once more explaining his "infidelity."

"I am an 'infidel,' forsooth, because I do *not* believe in the inherent holiness of the first day of the week, in a regular priesthood; in a mere flesh-and-blood corporation as constituting the true church of Christ; in temple worship as a part of the new dispensation; in being baptized with water, and observing the 'ordinance' of the supper, etc., etc. I am an 'infidel' because I *do* believe in consecrating all time, and body, and soul unto God; in 'a royal priesthood, a chosen generation;' in a spiritual church, built up of lively stones, the head of which is Christ; in worshipping God in spirit and in truth, without regard to time or place; in being baptized with the Holy Spirit, and enjoying spiritual communion with the Father, etc. If this be infidelity, then is Quakerism infidelity."

Presently we have Garrison coming again to the rescue of Perfectionism against clerical attacks. But Noyes differed from him on the Woman Question. This difference may have had the fortunate effect of diminishing the sinister influence of the prophet. Noyes' community also failed to attract. We seem to hear little henceforth of Perfectionism,

and somewhat less even of No-Government and Non-Resistance. The *Non-Resistant*, the organ of the Non-Resistance Society, and the Society itself, presently expired. Woman's Rights continued in full force.

## XI.

The next chapter in the "Story" is "Re-formation and Reanimation." In this, so much of the intellectual element of the party having been cut off by the schism, a rougher element came more to the front. All fervid moral movements, it is truly said, "unavoidably draw to themselves the insane, the unbalanced, the blindly enthusiastic." After the secession of other elements, the prominence of such elements could not fail to be increased. "Moral ploughshares" the chronicle calls them, and it admits that their logic was severe and relentless, their discourse not seldom grim, and their invective sweeping. They were of the same stamp as the Fifth Monarchy Men of the English Revolution or the enthusiastic Quakers. The objects of their onslaughts were the churches. Garrison, we are told, in spirit was completely in harmony with them, but in details of language and of policy he felt at liberty to differ. He having moved a resolution at a meeting that among the responsible classes in the non-slaveholding States the religious professors, and especially the clergy, stand wickedly pre-eminent, one of the

"moral ploughshares" moved as an amendment that "the church and clergy of the United States as a whole constitute a great brotherhood of thieves." The clergy were not much to be blamed if they did not receive such hot-gospellers with open arms.

Among his subordinate missions, Garrison was still an apostle of temperance, and he preached not only against drink, but against tobacco. In a trip, partly for lecturing, partly for pleasure, which he took about this time, a pleasant and lively incident in connection with this part of his apostleship occurred.

"As we rode through the [Franconia] Notch after friends Beach and Rogers, we were alarmed at seeing *smoke* issue from their chaise-top, and cried out to them that their chaise was afire! We were more than suspicious, however, that it was something worse than that, and that the *smoke* came out of friend Rogers' mouth. And it so turned out. This was before we reached the Notch tavern. Alighting there to water our beasts, we gave him, all round, a faithful admonition. For anti-slavery does not fail to spend its intervals of public service in mutual and searching correction of the faults of its friends. We gave it soundly to friend Rogers—that he, an abolitionist, on his way to an anti-slavery convention, should desecrate his anti-slavery mouth and that glorious Mountain Notch with a stupefying tobacco weed. We had halted at the Iron Works tavern to refresh our horses, and, while they were eating, walked to view the furnace. As we crossed the little bridge, friend Rogers took out another cigar, as if to light it when we should reach the fire. 'Is it any malady you have got, Brother Rogers,' said we to him, 'that you smoke that thing, or is it habit and indulgence merely?' 'It is nothing but habit,' said he gravely, 'or, I would say, it *was* nothing else,' and he significantly cast the little roll over the railing into the Ammonoosuck. 'A revolution!' exclaimed Garrison, 'a glorious revolution, with-

out noise or *smoke!*' and he swung his hat cheerily about his head.

"It was a pretty incident, and we joyfully witnessed it and as joyfully record it. It was a vice abandoned, a self-indulgence denied, and from principle. It was quietly and beautifully done. We call on any smoking abolitionist to take notice and to take pattern. Anti-slavery wants her mouths for other uses than to be flues for besotting tobacco-smoke. They may as well almost be rum-ducts as tobacco-funnels. And we rejoice that so few mouths or noses in our ranks are thus profaned. Abolitionists are generally as crazy in regard to rum and tobacco as in regard to slavery. Some of them refrain from eating flesh and drinking tea and coffee. Some are so bewildered that they won't fight in the way of Christian retaliation, to the great disturbance of the churches they belong to, and the annoyance of their pastors. They do not embrace these 'new-fangled notions, as abolitionists—but, then, one fanaticism leads to another, and they are getting to be mono-maniacs, as the Reverend Brother Punchard called us, on every subject."

The moral atmosphere, though a good deal purified by the abolition movement, was still foul, and quenched lights, even bright lights, brought into it from without. There came from Ireland an appeal against slavery, addressed to the Irish of the United States, and signed by sixty thousand Irishmen, with O'Connell at their head. The meeting at Faneuil Hall, at which this address was unrolled, was said by Garrison to have been indescribably enthusiastic and to have made a deep impression on the public mind. On the mind of the Irish in America it made none. The Irishman was not disposed to have his foot taken from the neck of the negro, the one being on whom he could look down. Nor was he disposed to forfeit the political plunder which

came to him as the henchman of the Democratic party, now the party of slavery and the South. The Irish Bishop Hughes, the apologist of slavery, questioned the authenticity of the document. The Irish mob of Philadelphia responded to it by a murderous riot, the precursor of the draft riot in New York, and by the burning of a benevolent society's hall. The slave-owners played up to the hand of their allies in the North, and at the same time gratified their hatred of England, as the great anti-slavery power, by espousing the cause of Irish liberty. Nor did Garrison himself shrink from winning Irish support by declaring for the Repeal of the Union. Father Mathew, the Irish apostle of Temperance, afterward visited the United States, and was received with enthusiasm by his compatriots. He had signed the appeal against slavery, and the Garrisonians fondly hoped that this time a Daniel was come to judgment. Their hopes were dashed when he affected scarcely to remember that he had signed the appeal, and plainly showed that he would gladly repudiate his signature. Extracts from O'Connell's anti-slavery speeches were thrust before him by the Liberator in vain. He not only would have nothing to do with abolition or abolitionists, but he made himself scandalously agreeable to the other side. All that Garrison could do with him was to present him in a very sorry aspect before the world,

and press home the moral lesson of his apostasy. This was effectually done. A similar disappointment awaited the abolitionists when Kossuth visited the United States. Him also, as a champion of liberty, they expected to avow his sympathy with the liberators of the slave. He avowed, on the contrary, his sympathy with Southern autonomy and the right of every people to regulate its own affairs and institutions. The abolitionists were not aware that the liberty of which Kossuth himself was the champion was that of a dominant race, and that there would be a certain filament of sympathy between the Southern white who wished to do as he liked with his own negro, and the Magyar who wished to do as he liked with his own Croat.

The agents sent out by the Free Church of Scotland, after its secession from the State Church, to the United States, to seek assistance in America, lapsed even more sadly than Father Mathew and Kossuth. They took money from Presbyterian slave-owners. To stop this scandal, Garrison a third time crossed the Atlantic. He was successful in his mission, though the churches rang in vain with the cry, "Send back the money!" He met personally with a reception which showed that his name was still great with the British friends of his cause. His principal speech is as good a specimen as could be given of his oratory, and it shows, by its adapta-

tion to hearers who were fighting for the liberation of the Church from the State, that the speaker could on occasion display tact as well as power. The speech is given as reported in the London *Universe* of August 28, 1846.

"He was received with enthusiastic cheering, hundreds rising from their seats. He wished to know if they were in earnest when they gave him that reception? Were they disposed to regard him as the friend of universal liberty? Then he begged to tell them that if they went over to America they would be deemed fit subjects for Lynch law. (Laughter and cheers.) What! were they in earnest? Were there no apologists for slavery there? None to applaud those ancient slave-holding patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? None to talk of sending Onesimus back to his master because he was a slave? Were there none to apologize for those pious men who plundered cradles of babes, tortured women by the slave-driver's lash, and sent men to the auction-block? 'Why, then,' said Mr. Garrison, 'here's my hand for every one of you, and here's a heart that beats in unison with your own.' (Great cheering.) . . .

"'It is no common conflict in which we are engaged, because whatever forms of political oppression you may have here, or in Europe, or in the world besides, there is no power so dreadful and exterminating as American slavery. It began with the very beginning of the Union (hear!), and it has grown with our growth until it now holds complete mastery over the whole country, so that the two great political parties are eager to do its bidding, and religious sects bow before it and do it homage; in one word, it has completely subjected Church and State because they are on the side of slavery, and they shall go down together. (Great applause.) It is said that the abolitionists are assailing the American Church; it is true. It is said they are assailing the American clergy in [as] a body; it is true. It is said they are assailing the Government under which they live; it is true. It is said they are seeking the dissolution of the Union; it is true. Why do I say this? Because the Church is the stronghold of the system; because the Government was originally so constructed that it gives its entire support to slavery, so long as the slave-holder shall desire it.

"'Now, to come to facts, and to show you that I do not exaggerate in what I state, I will read for you a few extracts, giving you the very words of the abettors of slavery in the Church. . . .

"'Such is slavery in America! And yet the abolitionists are stigmatized as infidels because they would have no such Christianity or republicanism as sanctioned such atrocities. Slavery is a curse wherever it is found. It not only smites with barrenness the most fertile soil in the world, but it makes human life cheap, and, in fact, of no value at all. (Cheers.) A year ago I thought I would collect from the newspapers all the horrible details of killing, maiming, etc., connected with slavery, and put them in my paper. My collection was imperfect, for I had no Southern papers, for they will not send papers to me from the South. I took the Northern papers, and took out of them the most bloody deeds. They are very few indeed, but they show the state of society there, and a state of insecurity for human life such as can nowhere else be found. The list was begun a year ago, and this paper is full of short paragraphs. [Here Mr. Garrison unrolled a paper, the width of one of our columns, made up of short accounts of murders, etc., and unrolled it from end to end. It was about twelve yards long. There were calls for a few to be read. Mr. Garrison then read two or three, and then continued.] And yet there are those who attempt to excuse this state of things. I am sorry that there are Englishmen disposed to apologize for these American Christians who keep bloodhounds! They say they are under a great mistake—they are in error, but you must call such Christians no hard or bad names. But I say the American people are excluded from apology. They hold the Declaration in their hand that all men are equal; then they enslave their brother, and whip him, and hunt him with bloodhounds, and profess the gospel of Christ. Now, no man can be excused for enslaving another, whether he be savage or civilized. (Great applause.) God has put a witness in every man's breast which protests against man holding a man in bondage. I never debate the question as to whether man may hold property in man. I never degrade myself by debating the question, "Is slavery a sin?" It is a self-evident truth, which God hath engraven on our very nature. Where I see the holder of a slave, I charge the sin upon him, and I denounce him. . . .

"'Now, what have we American abolitionists a right to ask

of you Englishmen? You ought not to receive slave-holders as honest Christian men. You ought not to invite them to your pulpits, to your communion-tables. Will you see to it that they never ascend your pulpits? If you will, then the slave will bless you, and thanks from the American abolitionists will come over in thunder tones for your decision, and you will give a blow to slavery from which it will not recover. We ask another thing of you. Send us no more delegates to the States, or if you do, let there be no divinity among them. Nothing but common humanity can stand in the United States. (Cheers.) Send us no more Baptist clerical delegates, or Methodist or Presbyterian or Quaker clerical delegates. They have all played into the hands of slavery against the abolitionists. (Cheers.) From Dr. C——, down to the last delegation, they have all done an evil work, and have strengthened slavery against us. Like the priest and the Levite, they have passed us by and gone on the other side. They found the cause of abolitionism unpopular. The mass of society were pro-slavery, so they went with them, and we have gone to the wall. Send us no more, if you please. (Cheers.) We have had to say, Save us from our English friends, and we will take care of our enemies. There have been those who have gone over to America, and who have nobly stood their ground. They have passed through the fire, and no smell of it has been found on them. That man (pointing to the chairman, Mr. Thompson) has gone through it. (Immense cheering, continued for some time.) Though rising on the topmost wave of popularity at home, he consented to aid us, where he was sure to be mobbed and scouted. But he never blanched. He was not afraid to make himself the friend and companion of the negro; and if he had remained, his life would have been taken. If we had desired it, he would have remained and hazarded his life; but we said, Go! Now, I don't know if had he been divine he could have stood it. While a man remains common humanity, I can trust him; but when he gets up into the air, where there comes something superhuman about him, I am afraid of him. (Cheers.)

"'Another thing don't do. Send no more men to the South to get money. The Free Church of Scotland is, like democratic America, stained with blood. It has the price of blood in its treasury. Oh! that Free Church of Scotland! I am for freedom everywhere, and rejoice that that Church is a free one; but it has received a paltry bribe, and abetted slavery. I have no

idea they will send back the money. The laity I believe would send it back, but the divinity prevents it.'"

In the mean time, as the leader of American abolitionism, Garrison had been taking a bold step forward. He had declared for the dissolution of the Union. Political iconoclasm could no farther go. The Union was the idol to which the nation, even that part of the nation of which mammon was not the god, had blindly bowed down and been willing to sacrifice its morality. In the Union the people saw the source of incalculable blessings and the pledge of American greatness. The fiat of nature seemed herein to conspire with the dictates of policy and pride; for the Mississippi, then more important than it has been since the introduction of railways, appeared physically to bind the whole frame together. The sentiment had been ardently propagated by Clay and the men of the West, an offspring of the collective nation to which the old divisions between Federalism and anti-Federalism were unknown. It had been intensified by the War of 1812. It had been fixed and glorified by Webster's great speech against Hayne. The people had been trained even to believe that the sacred compact demanded unquestioning observance, and their moral perceptions on the subject of slavery had been confused by that belief. They fancied that, being bound by their covenant, they were no more morally free

agents, and that therefore they were acquitted of sin. To speak against the Union was flat blasphemy; and of this blasphemy Garrison and his circle were now guilty in the highest degree.

Of the political abolitionists, some persuaded themselves that slavery was not in the Constitution; others admitted that it was in the Constitution, but thought it possible that the Constitution might be amended; others, again, like Gerrit Smith, with a venial inconsistency, took both lines at once. Garrison was under no delusion on either point. He saw that though the actual words "slaves" and "slave-owners" might not be found in the Constitution, "other words were used intelligently and specifically to meet the necessities of slavery," and that the agreement had been sealed with a full knowledge of the import of those words and in good faith on both sides. The extension of the slave-trade for twenty years, the provision giving political security to the slave-owner's property by assigning him votes for his slaves, and the enactment of a fugitive-slave law were practical comments too clear to leave any doubt in an honest mind. Garrison knew, also, that Jefferson had proposed to introduce into the Declaration of Independence a clause branding, though most unjustly, George III. as the author of the slave-trade, but had been compelled by the slave-owners to withdraw it. If the name of slavery had

been avoided by the framers of the Constitution while they recognized and perpetuated the thing, this proved not their innocence, but their consciousness of guilt. False interpretation of a document in the interest of freedom seemed to Garrison neither moral nor strong. As little was he inclined to a patriotic falsification of history. "The truth is," he said, "our fathers were intent on securing liberty to themselves, without being very scrupulous as to the means they used to accomplish their purpose. They were not actuated by the spirit of universal philanthropy; and though in words they recognized occasionally the brotherhood of the human race, in practice they continually denied it. They did not blush to enslave a portion of their fellow-men, and to buy and sell them as cattle in the market, while they were fighting against the oppression of the mother-country, and boasting of their regard for the rights of men. Why, then, concede to them virtues which they did not possess?" Patrick Henry, the Brutus of the Revolution, was all his life noted for his sharpness as a slave-trader. The slave-owner, in appealing to the Constitution, had the facts undeniably on his side; and the same compact which expressly gave him slavery, gave him also by implication a right to the necessary safeguards of slavery, such as a fugitive-slave law to be executed in good faith by the North, and the aid of fed-

eral arms, if necessary, in suppressing slave insurrection. Chief Justice Taney was vile; but he was not far from speaking the truth when he pronounced that, in the view of the framers of the Constitution, the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. The Constitution, said Garrison, meant "precisely what those who framed and adopted it meant." No violent construction of it could be admitted against the wishes of either of the parties to the bargain. No just or honest use of it could be made, in opposition to the plain intention of its framers, "except to declare the contract at an end and to refuse to serve under it."

Hope either of amending the Constitution with the consent of the slave-owner, or of amending it against his will yet without disruption, could seriously be entertained by no man who considered the temper of the slave-owners, the relative forces of the two political elements, or the history of the Missouri Compromise, and of all that had since occurred. Compromise, recognizing slavery, and seeking to put territorial limits to it, was the highest mark of political aspiration. Finally to put territorial limits to a power full of growth and ambition was scarcely possible, as the annexation of Texas proved. But while the Union lasted, nothing could prevent slavery from pervading, morally and socially, the whole Republic. Nothing could dissever the responsibility.

Nothing could save the North from the obligation to lend its force, in case of necessity, for the suppression of slave insurrection. Nothing could relieve it from the satanic duty of slave-catching. The legislative obstacles which anti-slavery sentiment at the North put in the way of extradition, and the escape of negroes to Canada which it facilitated, were breaches, though it might be glorious breaches, of good faith toward the Southern partner in the compact. Politicians like Clay and Webster were completely blinded to the future by their worship of the Union. Politicians like Seward, who said that there was an irrepressible conflict, and Lincoln, who said that the Union must in the end be all slave or all free, had an inkling of the fatal truth. But if the conflict was irrepressible, what form was it to take? That of a constitutional struggle, or that of violence? If the Union was destined to be all slave or all free, how was the question which of the two it should be to be decided? Neither Seward nor Lincoln dared to say or perhaps even to conjecture. But if either of them had raised the veil of the future he would certainly have seen behind it the grim visage of civil war. The plan of buying out slavery being, for reasons already mentioned, hopeless, and in fact having hardly a serious adherent, the only way of abolishing slavery or ridding the North of responsibility for it

without dissolving the Union was civil war. The only way of ridding the North of slavery and at the same time escaping civil war was that which Garrison now propounded, the dissolution of the Union. In no uncertain language did he propound it. All ears must have tingled when they heard the divine work of the Revolutionary Fathers denounced as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." No wonder if audiences hissed and the press thundered when Longfellow's ode to the Union was dubbed "a eulogy dripping with the blood of embruted humanity," and to the poet's image of a ship of state was opposed that of a ship "rotting through all her timbers, leaking from stem to stern, laboring heavily on a storm-tossed sea, surrounded by clouds of disastrous portent," navigated by pirates, and destined to go down amid the exultation of all who were yearning for the deliverance of a groaning world. "No Union with slave-holders" was henceforth the watchword of the Liberator. South Carolina shouted back, "No Union with free labor!" Both were in the right; and in compliance with their united demand lay the only chance of escaping the war which Garrison was unjustly charged with having kindled.

The weak point in Garrison's policy was that his No-Government theory had left him without a motor. How but through the agency of Government

was the Union to be dissolved? How but by going to the polls could the Government be set in motion? His new programme set forth that his aim was "to persuade Northern voters that the strongest political influence which they can wield for the overthrow of slavery is to cease sustaining the existing compact, by withdrawing from the polls, and calmly waiting for the time when a righteous government shall supersede the institutions of tyranny." But was that change to be wrought by miracle? And how, according to the Perfectionist theory, could any human government be righteous? Here again, however, it was not the political or the anti-political theory, but the appeal to the public conscience, which really told. The annexation of Texas came to disabuse the people of their fond belief in a quiet and limited Slave Power. To those who regarded the new motto as calculated to impair the character and influence of the Society, the Liberator replied that "the Society had never had any character except for fanaticism, and never would have any till the trumpet of jubilee sounded through the land, and that its influence had been just in proportion to its faith in God, its fidelity to its principles, and its readiness to be without reputation." For the present he anticipated fresh contumely and derision. It can hardly be said that his anticipation was fulfilled. Outbursts of wrath, of course, there were, and were

sure to be when the Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society presented a banner to its president, bearing on it the satirical device of the national eagle with one foot on the Constitution and the other on a prostrate slave. Yet disunionist banners multiplied, and disunion sentiment spread not only among the Old School or moral party of Abolitionists, but beyond.

But the Union having been dissolved, what was to become of the negroes? Were they to be left to the mercy of the slave-owner? To this question the mind of the Liberator seems not to have been practically turned. He protested, it is true, in general words, that he had no intention of abandoning his client. But the specific mode in which the rescue of the client was to be effected does not appear. "My reliance," he says, "for the deliverance of the oppressed universally, is upon the nature of man, the inherent wrongfulness of oppression, the power of truth, and the omnipotence of God." But he had said before that the slave-owner was beyond the pale of moral influence, and that you might as well try to change the nature of a beast of prey. The oftener we review the question the more certain it seems that in the absence of any superior power, such as has been exercised by the Czar in the abolition of Russian serfage, or by the Imperial Parliament in the abolition of slavery in the West Indies,

the inevitable end was either the triumph of slavery or civil war. The year 1845 saw the apparent triumph of slavery, which, having achieved the annexation of Texas, had put the politicians, and seemed to have put the nation, under its feet. The year 1847 saw Garrison carrying the torch of conscience into dark places of the West on the invitation of the Abolitionists of Ohio. He was accompanied by Frederick Douglass, whose eloquence might be cited as a proof of the capacities of his race had he been a pure negro; but he was a half-caste. The negro race, both in its native land and in the lands to which it has been transported by the slave-ship, has been placed under such disadvantages that no fair inference as to its capacity can be drawn from what it has yet done or produced. But Toussaint L'Ouverture, it is believed, is the only pure negro who has yet risen to anything like eminence; and Toussaint, though a perfect negro, seems to have been of a peculiar and princely family. Mixed, however, as the race of Frederick Douglass was, and manifest as was his relation to the white race, this did not save him from contumely, even in a free State. When seated in the cars he was ordered by a man, who had a lady with him, in a slave-driving tone, to get out of that seat. He quietly replied that he would readily give up the seat if he were requested in a civil manner. The white man

thereupon laid violent hands upon him, dragged him out, and, when Douglass protested, told him he would knock his teeth down his throat. At Harrisburg, the mob having been told that a "nigger" was to lecture, came provided with brickbats, rotten eggs, and fire-crackers, of which they made a liberal use. Douglass was not allowed to sit down at the eating tables, and for two days hardly tasted food. Garrison contrasts this with the splendid reception given the same man in all parts of Great Britain. Nothing, perhaps, has ever equalled the intensity of caste feelings generated by the brand of slavery, combined with the difference of color and the physical antipathy, in the United States. Nor was the keenness of the American in discovering the slightest trace of negro blood where no stranger would have suspected its existence less remarkable than his abhorrence of it when discovered. Garrison's defiance of the feeling by open and persistent intercourse with the blacks was proof of a moral heroism to which, since caste has been mitigated by the abolition of slavery, we can hardly do full justice. Heretic though he might be, no man ever bore witness more bravely or with greater self-sacrifice to the brotherhood of man, which is the social foundation of Christianity.

The receptions given to the Abolitionists varied at different places. The clergy, Garrison says, were

hostile, and his feeling against the clergy grew stronger than ever. Sometimes a place for his meetings could hardly be found; but at other places the common people heard him gladly, and the concourse was immense. At New Lyme, in Ohio, "when the dense mass moved off in their long array of vehicles, dispersing in every direction to their several homes, some a distance of ten, others of twenty, others of eighty, miles, it was a wonderful spectacle." A colored man rode three hundred miles to the meeting. The speaker might feel confident as he looked at the receding crowd that whatever the mood of the politicians or the magnates of commerce might be, the conscience of the people had been touched; and where the people was master, victory in the end was sure.

The Liberator, however, had not seen the last of mobs. In 1850, at the time when Webster's apostasy had put fresh heart into the party of slavery at the North, and the excitement on the subject had been kindled anew, he went to preside at the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society at New York. He was received by the "satanic" forces not only with vituperation, but with menace, to which he succumbed only so far as to belie the pictures of caricaturists by exchanging the turn-down collar to which he had clung for the stand-up collar of the day. In his speech he dwelt on the inconsistency

between the profession of the Christian churches and their practice, contrasting the importance attached to the belief in Jesus with the feeble effect of that belief on character and conduct. First of all he arraigned the Roman Catholic Church for allowing her priests and members to hold slaves. This called up Captain Rynders, a self-made man, who, from being a professed gambler in the South-west, had risen to local political leadership under the auspices of Tammany, without merging the bravo in the politician, and posed as a defender of the Union against traitors and of Christian society against infidels. Captain Rynders interpolated a question whether there were no other churches besides the Catholic Church whose clergy and members held slaves. On this point he received prompt and full satisfaction. "Shall we look," Garrison went on to say, "to the Episcopal Church for hope? It was the boast of John C. Calhoun, shortly before his death, that that church was impregnable to anti-slavery. That vaunt was founded on truth, for the Episcopal clergy and laity are buyers and sellers of human flesh. We cannot, therefore, look to them. Shall we look to the Presbyterian Church? The whole weight of it is on the side of oppression. Ministers and people buy and sell slaves, apparently without any compunctious visitings of conscience. We cannot, therefore, look to them, nor to the Baptists, nor

the Methodists, for they, too, are against the slave, and all the sects are combined to prevent that jubilee which it is the will of God should come. . . . Be not startled when I say that a belief in Jesus is no evidence of goodness (hisses); no, friends."

VOICE—"Yes, it is!"

MR. GARRISON—"Our friend says 'yes;' my position is 'no.' It is worthless as a test, for the reason I have already assigned in reference to the other tests. His praises are sung in Louisiana, Alabama, and the other Southern States just as well as in Massachusetts.

CAPTAIN RYNDERS—"Are you aware that the slaves in the South have their prayer-meetings in honor of Christ?

MR. GARRISON—"Not a slave-holding or a slave-breeding Jesus! (Sensation.) The slaves believe in a Jesus that strikes off chains. In this country Jesus has become obsolete. A profession in him is no longer a test. Who objects to his course in Judea? The old Pharisees are extinct, and may safely be denounced. Jesus is the most respectable person in the United States. (Great sensation, and murmurs of disapprobation.) Jesus sits in the President's chair of the United States. (A thrill of horror here seemed to run through the assembly.) Zachary Taylor sits there, which is the same thing, for he believes in Jesus. He believes in war and

the Jesus that 'gave the Mexicans hell.'" (Sensation, uproar, and confusion.)

The name of Zachary Taylor aroused the politician in the soul of Captain Rynders, who at once charged home. Followed by his crew, shouting and swearing, he rushed from the gallery to the speaker's desk, and with clinched fist defied Garrison to say anything against the President of the United States. Garrison disclaimed any such intention, and his disclaimer was enforced by Mr. Thomas Kane, a young follower, who, not having subscribed the doctrine of Non-Resistance, declared that not a hair of his leader's head should be harmed, and shook his fist in the captain's face. Afterward spoke a henchman of Rynders, who maintained that the blacks were not men, but of the monkey tribe. He was confronted by Frederick Douglass, saying, "I cannot follow the gentleman who has just spoken in his argument. I will assist him in it, however. I offer myself for your examination. Am I a man?" "You," ejaculated Captain Rynders, "are not a black man, you are only half a nigger!" "Then," replied Douglass, "I am half-brother to Captain Rynders." At the last session the meeting was broken up by the mob, which carried a resolution, moved, we are told, by an ex-policeman of the Eighth Ward who had been "broken" for being found drunk in a house of ill-fame.

"Resolved, That this meeting does not see sufficient reasons for interfering with the domestic institutions of the South, even if it were constitutional —which it is not—and therefore will not countenance fanatical agitation whose aims and ends are the overthrow of the churches, a reign of anarchy, a division of interests, the supremacy of a hypocritical atheism, a general amalgamation, and a dissolution of the Union. For these reasons, this meeting recommends to these humanity-mongers the confining of its [sic] investigations to the progress of degradation among the negroes of the North, and the increasing inequality and poverty of the free whites and blacks of New York and similar places, instead of scurrility, blasphemy, and vituperation."

It was at this time that, under the terrors of the new Fugitive-slave law, which passed at the dictation of the South and swept away all securities for justice, six thousand black Christians, a larger number than that of the Puritan exiles, were driven from their homes in the Northern States to a refuge on British soil. The free spirit of the people in the North was deeply stirred, and it was in vain that the chiefs of commerce and society held great public meetings to keep it down. When the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, after an attempt to rescue him, was marched through the streets of Boston with all the pomp of military escort to be

restored to his master in Virginia, flags were hung out at half-mast or draped in mourning. The clergy at last were moved, though some of their leaders still came forward to preach the moral and religious duty of upholding the Union by implicit submission to the law. The law in truth was clear—not clearer, however, than had been the legal right of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain to tax the Colonies when Boston rose in rebellion and threw the tea of British merchants into the water.

The next episode in Garrison's life was pleasant. George Thompson, now an M.P., ventured over again from England, a sign in itself that, whatever might be the backslidings of politicians, Abolition as a moral cause had gained ground among the people. He was charged to present a testimonial to Garrison, in the shape of a gold watch, commemorating the twenty years of the *Liberator*'s life. In acknowledgment, Garrison said:

"Mr. President, if this were a rotten egg [holding up the watch] or a brickbat, I should know how to receive it. (Laughter and cheers.) If these cheers were the yells of a frantic mob seeking my life, I should know precisely how to behave. But the presentation of this valuable gift is as unexpected by me as would be the falling of the stars from the heavens; and I feel indescribably small before you in accepting it. A gold watch! Why, I have been compensated in this cause a million times over! In the darkest hour, in the greatest peril, I have felt just at that moment that it was everything to be in such a cause. I know that the praises which have fallen from the lips of my beloved brother and faithful coadjuotr have been spoken in all sincerity; otherwise they would be intolerable. I know that I am

among those not accustomed to flatter, and who do not mean to flatter. I know how to appreciate such demonstrations as greet me here to-night. Had it not been for such as are here assembled, we should not have had an Anti-Slavery struggle. I am sorry, my friends, that I have not a gold watch to present to each one of you. (Laughter.) You all deserve one."

At his interview with Miss Martineau, Garrison had seemed embarrassed, and had thanked her for wishing to see one so odious as himself, in a manner which she thought overstrained. She afterward remarked to the friend who had brought them together that there appeared to her to be a want of manliness in Garrison's agitation. The friend replied that she "could not know what it was to be the object of insult and hatred to the whole of society for a series of years; that Garrison could bear what he met with from street to street, and from town to town; but that a kind look and shake of the hand from a stranger unmanned him for the moment." A shock in itself is disagreeable, and it is not unlikely that a man long attempered to unpopularity as his element would at first feel a shock on being addressed in the unwonted language of sympathy and praise. Having grown familiar with rotten eggs, he would hardly know what to do at first with a gold watch.

A testimonial more significant than a thousand gold watches was at this time presented to the leader of the moral movement against slavery.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," while it owed its literary excellence to the creative genius of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, was morally the offspring of the awakening which Garrison had done most to bring about. Its timeliness as a moral birth was, in part at least, the cause of its prodigious success. That its tangible effects on votes or even on public opinion were not so great as its circulation, we are told by Wendell Phillips, and we should be prepared to believe. It is wonderful how little anything tells on votes under the system of party government except party; while as works of fiction are not taken seriously, people may cry or laugh over a religious, political, or social novel and yet lay it down with their opinions little, and their conduct not at all, changed. In England not a few cried over "Uncle Tom" and laughed over Topsy, who afterward took the part of the South. But "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though it might not turn suffrages on the Nebraska bill, or call forth a monster petition for the repeal of the Fugitive-slave law, could not fail to melt the icy barrier of hatred and contempt for race. In this respect its writer may claim to share the Liberator's palm. Garrison spoke with ardent admiration of the tale, notwithstanding that its writer's views did not wholly square with his own. A correspondence followed between him and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in which Mrs. Stowe, when she deprecated

needless bombardment of the Bible and the Sabbath, with which the religion of common people was bound up, while their morality was bound up with their religion, had a good deal of reason on her side. However, Garrison's "infidelity" did not prevent a cordial meeting.

Meantime events were advancing to their crisis. In 1854 the Nebraska bill, by repudiating the Missouri Compromise, threw open the lists once more for the combat between Slavery and Freedom, and armed collision in the Territory soon followed. The South had constrained the subservient politicians of Washington to pass the new Fugitive-slave law. The North refused to execute it. Massachusetts answered it with the personal-liberty bill, whereby she hurled defiance, not only at the South, but at the Constitution. Garrison was filled with the spirit of the hour. On the 4th of July, 1854, at the open-air celebration at Framingham, Mass., by the Abolitionists, he solemnly burned, amid loud acclamations, the Fugitive-slave law; the decision of Edward G. Loring, the Massachusetts officer who, acting as a United States Commissioner, had sent Anthony Burns back to slavery; the charge of Judge Benjamin R. Curtis to the United States Grand Jury in reference to the "treasonable" assault upon the court-house for the rescue of the fugitive; and, finally, the Constitution of the United States.

Holding up the Constitution, he denounced it as the parent of all the other iniquities, branded it as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, and cast it into the flames, exclaiming, "So perish all compromises with tyranny! and let all the people say, Amen!" A loud response from the people went up to heaven. As might have been expected, a response not less loud in a different strain went up elsewhere. Yet Garrison was so far accepted that when the motion for the removal of Loring from his office came on in the Massachusetts Senate, a seat was given him at the President's side.

## XII.

VERY few, so far as we can tell from speeches and writings, seem to have foreseen, or even strongly surmised, the approach of civil war. Gerrit Smith read the meaning of the Kansas struggle, but Seward, the foremost of public men on the right side, evidently had no idea that this irrepressible conflict was actually at hand; he was working for the Presidency on the opposite hypothesis. Lincoln, apparently, had just as little notion that the house could no longer remain divided against itself, and the time had come when it must be decided whether the Union should be all slave or all free. Garrison saw no farther than the rest. "Rely upon it," he said, at a Disunion Convention in 1857, "there is not an intelligent slave-holder at the South who is for a dissolution of the Union." He was firmly persuaded that the threat was only used to bring the North upon its knees. Reverting to those days now, we can distinctly hear the thunder-tread of advancing destiny and see the shadows deepening on the troubled scene. The first act of secession, as the South might have plausibly contended, was the Personal-

liberty law of Massachusetts. The first blow was struck by the Southern fire-eater, Brooks, when he felled Sumner to the earth in the Senate House for a speech which, it must be owned, was as deadly a provocation to Southern violence as words could convey. But the attempt of the South to bring Kansas into the Union by force as a Slave State was actually civil war. There were Garrisonians who provided themselves with Sharp's rifles, for use, as they said, "not against men, but against beasts!" Garrison himself protested that if anybody ought to be provided with a Sharp's rifle it was the slave. For himself, he remained faithful to Non-Resistance. The sequel of the conflict in Kansas was the raid of John Brown on Virginia, which furnished the theme for the *Marseillaise* of the Civil War. Garrison felt himself bound to designate the raid in the *Liberator* as a misguided, wild, and apparently insane, though disinterested and well-intended, effort of insurrection to emancipate the slaves in Virginia. "Our views of war and bloodshed," he said, "even in the best of causes, are too well known to need repeating here; but let no one who glories in the Revolutionary struggle of 1776 deny the right of the slaves to imitate the example of our fathers." In a subsequent number he, always with a reserve in favor of Non-Resistance, lauded Brown as a hero to be remembered with Wal-

lace and Tell, Washington and Warren; and, judging him by the code of Bunker Hill, the mate of any who ever wielded the sword for liberty. In the general outburst of sympathy he saw a proof of the marvellous change wrought by thirty years of moral agitation. "Ten years since, there were thousands who could not endure any lightest word of rebuke of the South; they can now easily swallow John Brown whole, and his rifle into the bargain. In firing his gun he has merely told us what time of day it is. It is high noon, thank God!" Not so thought those the paramount allegiance of whose hearts had always been to the Union, and who now sent up cries of alarm on all sides, and waved the white flag to the South. Even Henry Wilson, Sumner's colleague in the Senate, deplored the burden laid upon the Republican party by arraying against it "that intense, passionate, and vehement spirit of nationality which glows in the bosoms of the American people." The logic of the head and the heart, he said, taught him to regard all such movements, whether in the North or in the South, as crimes against liberty. The banner which he desired them to follow was that of "Liberty and Union." There was even a last splutter of mob-violence at an anti-slavery meeting at Boston, memorable for having brought on the anti-slavery platform, in defence of freedom of speech, Emerson,

whose attitude toward Abolitionism had before been rather philosophic.

Desire what Wilson and patriots of his class would, fate was irresistibly ranging all of them under the banner of Liberty but not of Union, at least not of Union till Liberty should have prevailed. The political combinations, after much shifting and crossing, settled down on one side into a well-defined party of the North, under the name of the Republican party, confronting the united South. Elements there still were at the North belonging to the opposite ends of society, a plutocracy at one end, a mob at the other, which adhered to the Southern alliance and its emoluments, under the title of the Democratic party, and afterward furnished respectively the Copperheads of pro-slavery drawing-rooms and the anti-draft rioters of the slums of New York. But the armies were formed, in the main, on Mason and Dixon's line, and Destiny had given the signal for battle.

Presidential elections are fraught with danger—among other respects in this, that they bring every issue to a violent head. The contest between Buchanan and Frémont was the first engagement, and resulted in a numerical victory, morally ominous of coming defeat for the South. The second and decisive engagement was the contest out of which Abraham Lincoln, who held that a house could not

remain divided against itself, came as President of the United States. Lincoln might profess, and in all sincerity profess, his entire loyalty to the Constitution, and his conscientious determination to secure to slavery its full pound of legal flesh. But the South saw that the North had shaken off its yoke, and that the practical securities were gone. The Southern leaders now took their leave of Congress. They were allowed to depart, avowedly for the purpose of rebellion, by the executive, which, had it been strong enough at once to arrest them all and hold them personally responsible for any rising against Federal authority in their States, might possibly have defeated their design.

Then followed a scene which showed the difference in value between the political and the moral opposition to slavery. Threatened now in earnest with the dissolution of the Union, the mere politicians fell upon their knees, and besought the South to forgive the rebellious conduct of the North and return, offering immense concessions as the price. They were ready to enact that slavery should never be abolished in the District without the consent of Maryland and Virginia; to enjoin Northern States to repeal all their Personal-liberty acts; to have the case of the fugitive slave tried, not in the free State to which he had fled, but in the slave State to which he belonged; to restrain Congress and the

Territorial legislatures from prohibiting slavery in a Territory; to restore the Missouri Compromise line, with a national guarantee for slavery on the south of it; to debar any but men of caucasian race from ever voting for any officer of the National Government. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the heir of the statesman who had nobly fought for the right of petition, and himself afterward the admirable ambassador of the Federal Government in England, was so transported by devotion to the Union as to propose a security for slavery such as no Southern man had ever ventured to demand. He moved to enact that "no amendment of the Constitution, having for its object any interference with slavery, should originate with any State that did not recognize that relation within its own limits, or be valid without the assent of every one of the States composing the Union." This proposition was opposed by only three members of a House Committee of thirty-three. The same committee reported in favor of the admission of New Mexico, then including Arizona, as a slave State. An amendment of the Constitution, which, though less stringent than that proposed by Mr. Adams, would yet, as Mr. Blaine says, have made slavery perpetual in the United States, as far as any influence or power of the National Government could affect it, actually passed the House of Representatives by a majority

of 133 to 65, and the Senate by a two-thirds majority, and was prevented from being submitted to the States only by the outbreak of civil war.* Nothing, therefore, but the madness of the South prevented the absolute and irrevocable surrender of the North to slavery, so far as the politicians were concerned. Testimony of more appalling force could not have been given to the value of the moral movement of which Garrison had been the head. What were the evils of excessive enthusiasm in a good cause, or of undue violence of language, compared with those of the political weakness and disloyalty to principle which dictated this offer of capitulation?

Garrison could not fail to see how complete was the excuse afforded by the conduct of Congress to onlookers in Great Britain and elsewhere for misunderstanding the character and object of the conflict. They were justified in taking it henceforth to be a mere struggle for aggrandizement, with which they were bound to sympathize no further than they desired the greatness of the American Republic. It is to the lasting credit of the people of Great Britain that the mass of them did, nevertheless, discern that practically this was a war between freedom and slavery, and that they faced the cotton famine rather than aid slavery against freedom.

* See Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," I., 266.

The South, too, might well feel thenceforth that the moral professions of the North were hypocrisy, and that the real object of the invader was conquest, while their own flag was that of patriotism fighting for national independence. Warrants for rebellion, when the governed were dissatisfied with the Government, the Secessionists might have found in the writings of the whole train of American publicists and orators from Jefferson to Abraham Lincoln.

The South, as we know, spurned the offer of submission, and then ensued the greatest civil war in history. Which side struck the first blow is a question of no moral importance. It may perhaps be said that the North did in ordering Fort Sumter to be revictualled at all hazards. War was the decree of Fate. The North and South were two nations, radically opposed to each other in political character and requirements as in social structure. The continuance of their Union without the abolition of slavery was impossible; of the abolition of slavery there was practically no hope in the absence of a supreme and arbitrating power; the dissolution, therefore, was inevitable; Garrison's policy alone could have made it peaceful.

In perfect consistency with his principles, Garrison welcomed the dissolution of the Union by the South. Separation, thenceforth, was inevitable. From the covenant with death and the agreement

with hell the North was set free by the hand of God acting through the madness of the South. "Now, then," said Garrison, "let there be a convention of the Free States called to organize an independent government on free and just principles: let the South take the public property on which it has laid piratical hands, let it take even the Capital if it will, and depart in peace to organize its own confederation of violence and tyranny." But he had scarcely penned the words when all thought of peaceful separation was swept away by the torrent of public wrath evoked by the firing on Fort Sumter. Yet the thought came back to many minds after Chancellorsville, and has perhaps been often called up again by the desperate difficulties of reconstruction.

With a war merely for the Union, Garrison evidently could not have sympathized. He, however, clearly discerned from the beginning that whatever might be the ostensible object, it would be a war for the extirpation of slavery. He wisely put off the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, which might have declared against the action of the Government and the Republican party. The old Union, he said, had gone out of existence and its restoration with pro-slavery compromise was impossible. "The conflict is really between the civilization of freedom and the barbarism of slavery—between the principles of democracy and the doctrines of absolutism—be-

tween the free North and the man-imbruting South; therefore, to this extent, hopeful for the cause of impartial liberty. So that we cannot endorse the assertion, that 'this is the darkest hour for the slave in the history of American servitude.' No, it is the brightest!" Lincoln and the Republicans were instruments in the hands of God for the achievement of Emancipation.

But could a Non-Resistant sympathize with war at all, even for the liberation of his kind? Garrison practically solved that question for himself as it was solved by John Bright, who was also, though not exactly a non-resistant, an avowed enemy of all war. A war really against slavery had been brought about by other agencies than his, and certainly not through his fault. The world was, to use his own expression, not on the plane of Jesus, but on a much lower plane, and he had to look at it as it was. The practical question was whether in the conflict of forces, neither of them perhaps hallowed, the more unhallowed or the less unhallowed should prevail. Whatever the professions of the Unionist government might be, practically this was a war against slavery; nor till it manifestly became a war against slavery was Garrison's sympathy declared. What he said himself was that when he called the Union "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he had not foreseen that Death and Hell

would secede. This was rather a playful evasion of the question of conscience than an answer to it. The answer was that when a battle was actually going on between good and evil, the doctrine of non-resistance would have been not only visionary, but crazy, if it had forbidden you to take the side of good.

To be "on the plane of Jesus," according to the literal interpretation of Christ's words, had been Garrison's aspiration, and it was an aspiration which those who propose to take the Gospel as their inspired rule of life are hardly entitled to censure or deride. But the world being "on a plane which was not that of Jesus," for Garrison, as a citizen and a member of society, to act in conformity with his individual ideal would have been to renounce all influence for good over the world, and almost to give up commerce with his kind.

Garrison's peculiar doctrines, we may surmise, had been partly the offspring of circumstance. He had been against earthly government when the government of his country was in the hands of the Slave power; he had been against any use of force to compel obedience to rulers when the Slave power had the force on its side; he had been against the ascendancy of the churches and the clergy so long as the churches and the clergy were upholding or conniving at slavery; he had been against the authority

of the Bible because the Bible was cited, with apparent justice, as authorizing a slave code; he had been against the Sabbath because clergymen had denounced the holding of abolition meetings on that day. The churches and the clergy, the Protestant churches and clergy at least, had now, with the Government and the force, come over to the side of right.

The Draft, however, still brought a knotty case of conscience for the non-resistant. What was the duty of a non-resistant Abolitionist drafted as a soldier? To provide a substitute was morally the same thing as fighting yourself. But could the non-resistant lawfully pay the fine to a fighting government? The Liberator concluded that he could upon compulsion, the alternative being imprisonment or other penalty. Nobody who had not abstained from voting under a Constitution which established slavery, the Liberator held, could claim the privilege of conscience as an exemption from the Draft. Exemptions on sectarian grounds he pronounced utterly unjust. This hit the commercial Quakers, who had held Abolitionism at arm's-length.

Garrison did not at once trust or support Abraham Lincoln. There was no reason why he should. Lincoln, when he appeared upon the grand scene, must have been in Garrison's eyes a politician. He had entered public life through the same portal as

other politicians, which was that of party rather than of principle or truth. The moral depth and fervor, the tenderness and pensiveness, which afterward, by their manifestations in a position of unique gravity and responsibility, distinguished Lincoln from all other Presidents and public men of the United States, and appealed with unrivalled force to the heart of the American people, were not then visible to any eye outside the circle of his own friends.* His opposition to slavery, so far as appeared, was strictly constitutional and conservative —that is, practically futile. He had never denounced it morally as a burning wrong with which there could be no compromise. He had said that "a house divided against itself would not stand," and that "the day must come when the Union would be all slave or all free:" but was not Seward the author of the equally memorable phrase, "irrepressible conflict," and had not Seward, in immediate view of the nomination to the Presidency, shown pretty plainly, by his softened language, that, so far as he was concerned, the conflict would be repressed? President Lincoln set out with a pledge of his intention to secure to slavery, in full measure, all its constitutional rights. He may have foreseen that events were coming which would absolve him from

* They are now more than ever visible to every eye in the admirable essay of Mr. Carl Schurz.

that pledge; but there is no reason to doubt that, had events taken another turn, the pledge would have been redeemed. Long after the commencement of the war, and when the hearts of thoroughgoing Abolitionists were almost sick with waiting for Emancipation, he propounded a scheme for buying out slavery which now strikes us as strangely weak in principle as well as in its details. His scheme even recognized the lawfulness of re-establishing slavery by providing that, if slavery were anywhere re-established, the State should refund the money paid for compensation. Twice Lincoln recommended this plan, and he would have postponed Emancipation till the existing slave-owners were dead, giving the existing slaves only the "inspiriting assurance" of freedom to be enjoyed by their children. To explain and justify his course, it is needful always to bear in mind that he was not master even of the North, but only the constitutional President, with limited powers, of a group of States in which there was still a strong party opposed to the war, and in which the bulk of the people had taken arms, ostensibly at least, not to put down slavery, but to preserve the Union, uphold the law, and avenge an insult to the national flag. Garrison, however, never offered Lincoln any perverse or factious opposition. From the moment when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued he

heartily supported him, and he declared in favor of his re-election. His course in relation to this question widely differed from that of Wendell Phillips, whose impetuous and uncompromising spirit could not endure or forgive the President's hesitation, and who, unmollified by the Emancipation Proclamation, set himself fiercely against Lincoln's re-election.

For Abolitionists who were not non-resistants the path of duty, as Garrison held, was plain. The Government having by the Emancipation Proclamation declared itself wholly on the side of liberty, it could "receive the sanction and support of every Abolitionist, whether in a moral or military point of view." In fact, Garrison became a non-combatant War Republican with his heart very thoroughly in the war.

In one military scene Garrison actually formed a conspicuous figure. He and Wendell Phillips were present when Andrew, the great war governor of Massachusetts, put the State and national colors into the hands of Colonel Shaw, the devoted commander of the first negro regiment raised for the service of the United States. He saw the regiment march, with soldierly bearing and amid enthusiastic cheers, singing the "John Brown" song along the streets of Boston, himself standing on the very spot over which he had been dragged by the mob of

1835. When he beheld the barrier of race thus thrown down and the manhood of the negro so signally recognized, he might well think that the hardest of all victories had been won. He might exultingly contrast the spectacle before his eyes with the treatment of Frederick Douglass when they were together on their lecturing tour, by the rowdy who collared him in the car, or by the keepers of refreshment rooms who drove him from the table. Unhappily, no transport of emotion could efface difference of color or physical repulsion: the heyday of enthusiasm over, nature would resume her sway and the difficulty of race would return. The recognition of the negro's equality, however, by his enlistment as a soldier helped to bring to a head for the last time the violence from which Garrison and other Abolitionists had once suffered. A mob rose in New York, shot negroes, hanged them to lamp-posts, hunted them down, maltreated them, threw them into the river, burned a colored orphan asylum to the ground and sacked the Colored Sailors' Home. The Union soldiers who were at last brought up to quell the rising were not non-resistants, and a thousand of the rioters paid for the outrage with their lives.

There was a scene still more historic when, the Union troops having entered Charleston, Garrison stood beside a colossal marble slab on which, as a

great man's sufficient epitaph, was inscribed the single name "Calhoun." Amid all the medley of motives, political, social, or commercial, amid all that was confused, equivocal, and doubtful, those two men had clearly embodied the moral forces, the antagonism of which was at the bottom of the whole. Garrison represented the thorough-going belief that slavery was evil, Calhoun the thorough-going belief that it was good. Each faith, like all faith, was strong in its way. The spirit of Calhoun had fought desperately and long. To subdue him had cost lives and treasure untold; but he had succumbed at last, and his conqueror stood beside his grave in the very heart of his dominion, close to the spot where Abolitionist literature had been burned amid the acclaim of thousands, and on ground where a few years before no Abolitionist's life would have been worth an hour's purchase. Garrison's preaching could have done nothing without the strong hearts and arms which gave effect to it on so many fields. But it was largely by the moral force which he, more than any other man, had set in motion, that those hearts were fired and those arms were nerved. The hatred of slavery gained strength and came more and more to the front as the struggle went on. Nor does it seem likely that the mere desire to regain the political and commercial advantages of the Union would have carried the nation through

the reverses which marked the first years of the war, and which led many even of the warmest friends of the North on the other side of the Atlantic to think that the South had shown itself unconquerable, and the wisest course would be to let it depart in peace. Certainly the Emancipation Proclamation was the moral turning-point of the war.

From Charleston, where he received an ovation of negro gratitude, Garrison went to visit his son in the neighboring camp. There he found twelve hundred plantation slaves just swept by the troops from the interior. He called upon them to give three cheers for freedom. To his surprise they were silent: they did not know how to cheer.

## XIII.

THE South having been subdued, and the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which forever abolished slavery, having been virtually carried, Garrison's work was done. He had the rare good sense to know that his work was done, and to act decisively on that conviction by laying down his controversial pen, withdrawing his journal, resigning his leadership, and retiring into the peace of private life. He showed hereby the purity of his aim and character. If personal ambition, pride of leadership, the love of excitement, the craving for self-display enters as alloy into the motives of an agitator, he is pretty sure when one agitation has reached its goal to be hurried on to another. Repose and silence become intolerable. Brougham never could have rested; no sooner was Catholic Emancipation passed than O'Connell took up the Repeal of the Union; and Wendell Phillips, the king of the platform, was carried on by the impetus of his own eloquence and the combativeness of his nature from agitation to agitation till he died.

Was the Anti-Slavery Society to be kept in exist-

ence now that its object had been gained? Wendell Phillips vehemently contended that it should. Garrison pronounced in favor of its dissolution, and his words are a lesson to agitators:

"My friends, let us not any longer affect superiority when we are not superior—let us not assume to be better than other people when we are not any better. When they are reiterating all that we say, and disposed to do all that we wish to have done, what more can we ask? And yet I know the desire to keep together, because of past memories and labors, is a very natural one. But let us challenge and command the respect of the nation, and of the friends of freedom throughout the world, by a wise and sensible conclusion. Of course, we are not to cease laboring in regard to whatever remains to be done, but let us work with the millions, and not exclusively as the American Anti-Slavery Society. As co-workers are everywhere found, as our voices are everywhere listened to with approbation and our sentiments cordially endorsed, let us not continue to be isolated. My friend, Mr. Phillips, says he has been used to isolation, and he thinks he can endure it some time longer. My answer is, that when a man stands alone with God for truth, for liberty, for righteousness, he may glory in his isolation; but when the principle which kept him isolated has at last conquered, then to glory in isolation seems to me no evidence of courage or fidelity."

The vote being taken, Garrison's resolution was rejected by 118 to 48, and Wendell Phillips prevailed. Garrison then retired in a modest and amiable way, without showing the slightest mortification and emphatically putting aside all attempts to sow jealousy between Phillips and himself. Phillips was not less generous, and avowed that from Garrison his best inspirations had always been derived. There was afterward a passage of arms between them, but in this the challenger appears

to have been Phillips, who in his haste accused Garrison and other retiring members of deserting the cause. It seems that Garrison would have been willing to remain with the Society till the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment was formally complete, had he believed that this would be the end; but he knew that when the last State had voted, the fiery spirits would be fiery still, and the question of dissolving the Society would have to be faced again.

The *Liberator* was in Garrison's own hands, and he decided at once that, having fulfilled its mission, it should cease to appear. The closing scene of its existence may be given in the words of his sons:

"For the one remaining number of the *Liberator*, Mr. Garrison's children besought him to at once prepare his valedictory editorial, leaving to others the drudgery of the proof-reading and mechanical details of the paper. The proofs he insisted on reading himself, and the outside pages he also 'made up' from the galleys, but the inside pages he finally allowed his friend and assistant, Winchell Yerrinton, to make up under his direction; a considerable portion of the editorial page being given to letters of congratulation and farewell from old and tried friends. When these were inserted, less than a column's space was left in which to complete his valedictory, and, the number being already late for the press, he wrote the remainder of it with the printers standing at his elbow for 'copy,' which he doled out to them a few lines at a time. The final paragraph he set with his own hands, and then stepped to the imposing table or stone to insert it in the vacant place awaiting it. Evening had come, and the little group in the printing office gathered silently about to witness the closing act. As the form was locked for the last time by the senior Yerrinton, all present felt a sense of loss and bereavement. Mr. Garrison alone pre-

served his wonted cheerfulness and serenity. From the death-bed of the *Liberator* he went directly to a committee meeting of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society, his face toward the resurrection and the life of Freedom."

"Most happy am I," said Garrison, "to be no longer in conflict with the mass of my fellow-countrymen on the subject of slavery. For no man of any refinement or sensibility can be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-men, if it be rightly earned." His action showed that, in so saying, he spoke from his heart.

The last number of the *Liberator* contained the valedictory, but the preceding number had contained the pæan, which may be taken as sincere, and assuredly was not penned by an infidel:

"Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God, ye who have so long and so untiringly participated in all the trials and vicissitudes of that mighty conflict! Having sown in tears, now reap in joy. Hail, redeemed, regenerated America! Hail, North and South, East and West! Hail, the cause of Peace, of Liberty, of Righteousness, thus mightily strengthened and signally glorified! Hail, the Present, with its transcendent claims, its new duties, its imperative obligations, its sublime opportunities! Hail, the Future, with its pregnant hopes, its glorious promises, its illimitable powers of expansion and development! Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains in your flight to obtain deliverance from the house of bondage, branded and scorned as a connecting link between the human race and the brute creation! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, 'made of one blood,' interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny! Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, and tune your harps anew, singing, 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God, Al-

mighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints! Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee: for Thy judgments are made manifest.'"

He might retire and repose, but of course he could not be idle. He became a regular contributor to the *Independent*, and wrote in support of reforms which he had already espoused, notably of Prohibition, or, as its advocates called it, Temperance, the first cause to which he had dedicated his pen. As a sworn enemy of race-distinction and caste, he laid his familiar lance in rest against the politicians who, in contempt of treaties, were advocating the exclusion of the Chinese; nor had he much difficulty in unhorsing opponents whose arguments, whether social, industrial, or religious, were mere subterfuge, their real motive being their desire to capture the Irish and German vote. On one subject which he treated, his views had undergone a notable change. Early in life he had been taken, as we have seen, with protection to native industry. But in his great struggle for the freedom of the slave he had learned to embrace freedom of every kind, and to trust its beneficence without reserve. He saw, what the workingmen of his country are at last beginning to see, that fetters imposed on trade are fetters imposed on industry. He had also had great experience in combating the sophistries of self-interest, and had learned to know them when he saw them,

however artfully disguised. "'The protection of American labor' has a taking sound; but it really means the restriction and taxation of that labor. Protection against what? Have we not the best-educated and most intelligent population on earth? And does not this imply industry, thrift, skill, enterprise, invention, capital, beyond any other forty millions of people? Have we not muscles as well as brains? Have we not a country unrivalled in the variety and abundance of its natural productions, and the abounding riches of its mineral resources? What more need we to claim, or ought we to have? If in an open field we cannot successfully compete with 'the cheap and pauperized labor of Europe,' in all that is necessary to our comfort, or even to our luxury, then let us go to the wall! Was the slave labor of the South at all a match for the free labor of the North? In which section of the Union was industry best protected or wealth most augmented? Is it not ludicrous to read what piteous calls are made for the protection of the strong against the weak, of the intelligent against the ignorant, of the well-fed against the half-starving, of our free republican nation against the effete governments of the Old World, in all that relates to the welfare of the people? With all that God has done for us in giving us such a goodly heritage, cannot we contrive to live and flourish without erecting

barriers against the freest intercourse with all nations? Must we guard our ports against the free importation of hemp, iron, broadcloth, silk, coal, etc., as though it were a question of quarantine for the small-pox or the Asiatic cholera? Refusing to do so, will the natural consequences be 'vacant factories, furnaces standing idle, the shops of manufacturing industry closed, labor begging and starving for the want of employment,' and all the other fearful results that are so confidently predicted by the advocates of the protective policy, falsely so called? Similar predictions were made by the defenders of Southern slavery in regard to the abolition of that nefarious system, and in order to subject to popular odium those who demanded the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the oppressed. Freedom, as well as Wisdom, is justified of her children; and in proportion as she bears sway will it go well with any people."

We are surprised, on the other hand, to find comparatively little on record as to his opinions on the great question of Reconstruction, or as to the practical results, political and social, of Emancipation. In his reply to F. W. Newman, who had condemned Lincoln for not enfranchising the negroes of Louisiana, there is a passage which has a conservative ring. "By what political precedent or administrative policy in any country," he asks, "could he [the

President] have been justified if he had attempted to do this? When was it ever known that liberation from bondage was accompanied by a recognition of political equality? Chattels personal may be instantly translated from the auction-block into freemen; but when were they ever taken at the same time to the ballot-box and invested with all political rights and immunities? According to the laws of development and progress it is not practicable. To denounce or complain of President Lincoln for not disregarding public sentiment and not flying in the face of these laws is hardly just. Besides, I doubt whether he has the constitutional right to decide this matter. Ever since this Government was organized, the right of suffrage has been determined by each State in the Union for itself, so that there is no uniformity in regard to it. In some free States colored citizens are allowed to vote, in others they are not. It is always a State, never a national, matter. In honestly seeking to preserve the Union, it is not for President Lincoln to seek, by a special edict applied to a particular State or locality, to do violence to a universal rule, accepted and acted upon from the beginning till now by the States in their individual sovereignty. Under the war power, he had the constitutional right to emancipate the slaves in every rebel State, and also to insist that, in any plan of reconstruction

that might be agreed upon, slavery should be admitted to be dead, beyond power of resurrection. That being accomplished, I question whether he could safely or advantageously—to say the least—enforce a rule, *ab initio*, touching the ballot which abolishes complexional distinctions; any more than he could safely or advantageously decree that all women (whose title is equally good) should enjoy the electoral right and help to form the State. Nor, if the freed blacks were admitted to the polls by Presidential fiat, do I see any permanent advantage likely to be secured by it; for, submitted to as a necessity at the outset, as soon as the State was organized and left to manage its own affairs, the white population, with their superior intelligence, wealth and power, would unquestionably after the franchise in accordance with their prejudices, and exclude those thus summarily brought to the polls. Coercion would gain nothing. In other words—as in your own country—universal suffrage will be hard to win and to hold without a general preparation of feeling and sentiment. But it will come, both at the South and with you; yet only by a struggle *on the part of the disfranchised*, and a growing conviction of its justice, 'in the good time coming.' With the abolition of slavery in the South, prejudice, or 'colorphobia,' the natural product of the system, will gradually disappear—as in the case of

your West India colonies—and black men will win their way to wealth, distinction, eminence, and official station. I ask only a charitable judgment for President Lincoln respecting this matter, whether in Louisiana or any other State."

Garrison, however, favored the bestowal of the suffrage by Federal enactment on the negro. He also favored the impeachment of President Johnson—a measure of violence justified, as fair-minded Republicans like Fessenden saw, by no criminal acts on the part of the President, but adopted as a desperate mode of bringing the policy of the executive again into harmony with that of the legislature, which, under the British Constitution, would have been done by a vote of want of confidence, followed by a change of ministry, but for which, under the American Constitution, no provision had been made. Garrison, it seems, would also have maintained the ascendancy of the carpet-bagging governments by prolonging the military occupation of the South. For this, Kuklux outrage had given him at least a tenable ground. Later on, though he took no active part in politics, his heart seems to have been with that party of uncompromising Emancipationists whose policy was nicknamed by moderates that of "shaking the Bloody Shirt." He insisted on the adoption of every possible measure for levelling the barrier of race, and protested against the omission

from the Civil Rights bill of participation in the common schools. He deprecated the erection by colored people of a church for their own race, and pointed to Berea College, in Kentucky, where the races were educated together, as showing the true way to the pacification and happiness of the South. But he lived fifteen years after Emancipation. Did he carefully observe its results? Did he make a calm study of the situation? Did he watch the progress of the negroes in the South and compare it with their progress in Hayti or Liberia, where they were not under the political tutelage of the white race? Above all, did events appear to him to show that there was any hope of the fusion of the races? Without intermarriage there can hardly be social equality; without social equality there can hardly be real political equality or a genuine commonwealth, let the franchise be distributed as it may. The Roman Commons were in the right when, having wrested from the politicians a share of all political franchises and offices, they still refused to rest content without the concession of intermarriage. But the Patricians and Plebeians were, if not of the same, of kindred races; there was at any rate no barrier of color or of physical antipathy between them. The same may be said of other cases in which Emancipation has been a complete success, as in that of the enfranchisement of the mediæval

serfs. But fusion between the races in the Southern States has, since Emancipation, become more impossible than ever. The link, evil as it was in its source, of half-caste population, by which they were formerly connected, cannot fail to dwindle when the black woman is no longer at the mercy of the white overseer. The social feeling of the superior against the inferior race is not likely to be softened but rather intensified when the inferior race has pretensions to equality. In the West Indies there has been no fusion of races. In Jamaica there was political discord, which at last broke out into murderous conflict, when the Imperial Government, by which Emancipation had been ordained, threw down its warder between the combatants and restored peace by suspending the Constitution. In the Southern States there is no controlling and arbitrating power but Congress, which is not, like the British Government, impartial, the Southern whites having a strong representation in it and almost a veto on its action, while the action on the other side is swayed by desire of the negro vote. The practical solution for the present seems to be the political domination of the white race and the exclusion, in the mass, of the black race from the ballot. Personal liberty the black has gained, and personal security, except that he is still too often lynched by white lawlessness instead of being, like

the whites, tried by jury. Industrial freedom he also enjoys, and, thanks to his possession of it, his material condition has already been improved. This would not have satisfied Garrison, who demanded for the negro nothing less than full American citizenship. But, once more, he had never looked fairly in the face the terrible problem of race, of which personal and industrial liberty without the power of exercising the franchise is at least a provisional solution. What the ultimate solution will be, and whether it will certainly be brought about without social war, is a question which the best heads in the United States appear at present unable to answer.

## XIV.

"I BEGAN the publication of the *Liberator* without a subscriber, and I end it—it gives me unalloyed satisfaction to say—without a farthing as the pecuniary result of the patronage extended to it during thirty-five years of unremitted labors." These were Garrison's words when he brought his editorship to a close. The contrast is curious between the barrenness of Abolitionist journalism and the immensely profitable circulation of the Abolitionist novel. There can be no doubt that with Garrison's vigor and readiness in writing as an ordinary journalist he would have made a good income. It would have been rank ingratitude to allow a great servant of the country and of humanity to close his days in penury. The sum of thirty-one thousand dollars was raised for him by subscription, and if he had hesitated to accept it he would have done a wrong to his fellow-citizens.

In 1867 Garrison went to rejoice with his friends in England over the triumph of their common cause. He met with an enthusiastic reception in all parts

of the country. In his mind, at all events, the baseless belief that the English people were on the side of slavery can never have found place. The attendance at a complimentary breakfast given him in London presents a long list of famous names, and among them that of Lord Russell, who had come expressly to recall any unjust things which, misled by the offers of compromise with slavery made in Congress on the approach of the war, he might have said of Lincoln and the American Government. Mill pronounced the eulogy of philosophy on the reformer who had been derided as an incendiary and a fanatic.

But the principal part on the occasion was justly assigned to Bright, who throughout the conflict had upheld with his noblest eloquence the cause of the North, though to his memory, when he died, the Senate of the United States refused to pay a tribute, because, having been the firm friend of their Union, he had been loyal also to his own. George Thompson was there with his son-in-law, F. W. Chesson, a man who by the steadfast, unselfish and modest devotion of a life to the championship of weak and oppressed races, earned though he did not wear a crown. His name, by most readers hardly noticed among those of the illustrious company at the Garrison breakfast, shines conspicuous in the eyes of all

who had watched his life-long labors and knew his worth.

It was one of the proofs of Garrison's freedom from personal ambition and the irritability which it is apt to engender, that he carried through all his controversies and through the life-long storm of obloquy and abuse a temper in private perfectly unsoured, warm affections, and the fullest capacity for domestic enjoyment. His wife, who had gone through the tempests at his side, and to whom he was tenderly attached, after being long a sufferer from ill-health, died three years before him. But his sons remained to him. There remained to him, also, many of his old fellow-crusaders and friends. Isaac Knapp, his partner in the *Liberator*, had, in the midst of the first agitation, fallen, sad to relate, into evil habits, and, in spite of Garrison's generous efforts to redeem him, had come to a bad end. Lundy had also departed early, and before his death there had been a coolness on his side, caused by divergence of policy, which, however, had not prevented his former coadjutor from rendering full justice to his memory. Wendell Phillips had drifted away on the tide of battles in which Garrison had no part. But Oliver Johnson and S. May, Jr., were still at their leader's side. Garrison's old age was the serene evening of a stormy yet happy day. It

was so serene that he could find amusement, we are told, in whist, but had too much openness of nature to conceal his hand. He died in New York City in his seventy-fourth year, May 24, 1879, and was buried in Boston, where the best years of his life had been spent.

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